NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND H. HASTINGS WELD,—EDITORS.

VOL. 18. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1835. NO. 33.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

Is Published Saturdays, by MASTERS & MARDEN, No 28, Court Street, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, IN ADVANCE.

Communications for the paper, may be addressed, post paid, to the Editors; those on business to the Publishers.

AGENTS.

Portland—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
Eastport—B. H. Williams, Water-street.
Machias Port, (Me.)—Jonathan Marston.
Montpelier, (Vt.)—George Walton.
Matanzas—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

MEDON AND LYDON.

A POEM.

EVE with her sable vesture, fringed with gold,
And various hues, caught from the sinking orb,
Came down o'er Pompeii. The evening breeze,
That had come [illegible] its hiding place,
To bathe in day's last smile, and, in its play
Had kissed the glowing cheek, and glided on
Through whispering leaves, to sport, in frolic glee
With the calm waters, till the laughing waves,
With a light-sounding ripple, echoed back
Joy at its gentle coming, had passed on,—
Gathering rich sweets from tree, and shrub, and flower,
And stole away to rest. The parting beams
Of day's proud monarch, sinking in the west,—
That had crept slowly up the mountain's sides,
Resting on vine-clad fields and marble walls,
As if they sorrowed to be torn from earth;—
—Then lingered on the black and towering peak,—
Bathing its rugged points in dazzling tints,—
Had vanished. One by one, the stirring sounds
Of busy life grew still, and sombre night
Ruled o'er the silent earth in mute repose.
The shadows darkened. Blacker grew the form
Of dread Vesuvius, rearing its tall sides,
Dimly contrasted with the starry sky,
Nor gave it sign, in its dark majesty,
Of the wild tumult in its boiling bosom,
That on the morrow bursting madly forth,
Would whelm in angry waves of rushing fire,
The city now in beauteous starlight sleeping,
Unconscious of its doom!

'Tis noiseless midnight!
And all is calm, and still, and beautiful!—
—Calm, save the heaving surface of the sea,—
—Still, save the waves' light ripple, as they kiss
The sparkling sands, then leap in joy away!
And beautiful in all. The marbled streets
Of gorgeous Pompeii send forth no sound,
That tells of living thing. The haughty lord.
And his degraded slave, alike repose,
Fatigued with pleasure or unwelcome toil.

One stands alone upon the wave washed shore;
He sleeps not—may not sleep! With tottering step,
And hair that time and sorrow have made white,
And a pale saddened brow, he has come out
When all is still, in loneliness to weep!
Old Medon was a slave. Far o'er the plains
Of storied Greece, and Ister's flowing stream,
Was the sweet scene of all his youthful joys!
In the full flush of manhood, when his strength
Girded [illegible]
That in a willing bondage binds the soul,
Twined round his heart, had he been torn away!
He saw no more his loved, his happy home!
No more his wife, dear partner of his joys!
No more his children!—but, uncheered by news
Of these so dear, he toiled in lengthened wo,
For a proud master, in a land afar!
Time has no sting like sorrow, that had closed
With all its withering blight round Medon's heart:
His strength fled slow away, and his dark locks
Thinned on his furrowed brow and changed apace
To silvery whiteness. Days, and months, and years
Went on their way, and yet he was a slave—
Despised and friendless in a stranger land.
O when the bitter toil of day was o'er,
And none could gaze with idle sympathy
Upon his sorrows, would he go apart
By the broad waters, and with covered face,
The tears slow streaming down his pallid cheeks,—
Dream of his happy home!

But there was joy,
Surpassing, priceless joy in store for Medon!—
—That poor unfriended slave! The Son of God,—
—Jesus—had died for him! Light, dazzling light
Illumed his raptured sense!—The slave was free?—
—For soul was free!—And now no more he wept
By the still shore in his sad loneliness!—
—For one was with him there! A ceaseless Friend!
His Maker, God!—and reft of human ties,
He poured his sorrows forth, and comfort gained
In fervent, soothing prayer!

Joy, joy again,
For Medon! He is clasping in his arms
His loved, his noble boy! Oh, Heaven has dashed
The cup of sorrow from the old man's lips,
And strewn his path with flowers! With what a gaze
Of swelling pride, he looks upon his son!
—And in his manly strength lives o'er again
His own glad youth!

Strength nerved anew
Old Medon's failing frame, and gentle Peace
With bright-eyed Hope, bade all the future smile;—
—For Lydon long remained in Pompeii,
To cheer his father's heart. But, day by day,
The young man's color faded from his cheek—
His blithesome look of buoyant happiness
Was quenched in sadness. Still, with filial care,
He strove to lighten all a father's pain.
But when he looked upon his sire, the tear
Would fall unbidden, and his tremulous voice
Deny its office. With what agony,
Did Medon watch the sunlight fade away
From his son's heart, and darkness centre there!
How was the new sprung joy in his own bosom
Chilled by the growing anguish of his child!
—He told not of his grief:—he never said
That his was now the cup of misery;
But voices were there in his deepening gloom,
And his pale features, which had power to speak
Pain to a father's heart!

And now old Medon,
By his son's sorrow borne again to earth,
As I have said came out upon the shore
To weep in silence, as he had been wont.
O when the golden ties that bind the soul
To this fair world are severed and destroyed,—
When the glad voices of our homes are still,
And friendship dies, and want and wretchedness
Chill in their cold embrace—or, one by one
The chords of gladness sever, how the heart
Clings with a passionate fervor to the hopes
That yet desert it not—and when departed,
Are all save one, alone—how are the springs
Of love concentred in a gushing torrent
Round this yet lingering joy! So had it been
With aged Medon! Treasured memories
Of broken ties, and long exhausted springs
Of pleasure, he had gathered round his boy!
With him came back his youth, his burning hopes,
His trusting friends, his country, and his home.
Should he be parted from him, these were lost
Again [illegible]—and now his Lydon
Wasted away in sadness, Medon caught
The infection of his grief, and day by day,
Grew weary of his life.

He kneels to pray!
And lifts his hands to supplicate his God,
That he will bless his child—restore again
His gladsome spirit; and in soothing mercy,
Root out the gnawing canker from his heart:
But oh, a father's love forbids to speak!
He lifts to Heaven his dimmed and streaming eyes,
While his lip moves, but ushers forth no sound—
A light quick step approaches;—yet he stirs not—
A gentle grasp is laid upon his arm—
Yet from his heart-breathed prayer that parent stirs not!
But now a voice, full of deep tenderness,
Whispers 'My father'—and the old man falls
Upon the swelling bosom of his son!

Long weeps he there in silence—long, oh long;
Ere can his bitter tears forget to flow!
But now he lifts his aged head, and gazes
On the pale features of his suffering son—
And his deep love finds utterance in words.

'Lydon, my last, last hope! Upon thy brow,
That should be radiant with the flush of joy,
Sits withering sorrow! Tell it me my boy!
Is thy soul sick—or has consuming pain
Stolen the smile that played upon thy cheek?
—Tell me, my boy!—for oh, if thou shouldst leave me,
Thou who hast gladdened thine old father's heart,
Where should I look for soothing comfort more?
—Who then would cheer the slave?'

'Would cheer the *slave!*'
The word has sent the torrent of his blood
Through Lydon's frame, and dried the starting tear!
Upon the marble tablet of his brow;
Writes passion now her burning characters—
His eye shoots fire, and his broad heaving chest
Swells with convulsed emotion! He would speak,
But cannot. Now he turns his lightning glance
Upon his weeping sire—now gazes wildly
On wandering vacancy—and are his hands
Clasped, and flung back, then madly raised in air—
And his chained voice, its iron bonds disparting,
Thus bursts the rushing anguish of his soul.

'Father thou shalt be free! O I have trod
The echoing pavement of these marbled streets—
But not one note of joy my spirit meets,
For I have seen thee bend beneath the nod
Of a proud master. *Slave*, thou shalt not be!
Father, thou shalt be free!

I came my sire, in mourning from my home,
To seek again a parent's fond embrace—
To gaze again upon thine aged face,
Bending to hear thy blessing! I have come,
To see the chain of bondage round thee twine!
O that its links were mine!

And thou hast grieved to see my cheek grow pale!
—Hast watched the dimness of my tearful eye;
And heard the sad tale of my mournful sigh!
—I cannot smile! O what to me avail,
Youth and youth's pleasures, and its glowing fire,
And thou a slave my sire!

It shall not be. Tomorrow comes the fight!
A glorious prize the meed of victory!
Thy ransom, oh my father, it shall be,
Or I will sink me in the grave's cold night!
For wo and pain and death my soul could brave,
So thou wert not a slave!

O do not weep!—for it will chill my soul,
Now firm and dauntless—rather bid me on—
—And then were fear and sad foreboding gone,
Thy word could nerve me onward to the goal!
—For if the Gods tomorrow smile on me,
Father thou shalt be free!'

His voice is still—but stern and proud resolves
Flash from his eye, glow on his tremulous lip,
Madden in each strained nerve—and he will dare
Beneath the gaze of Pompeii's multitudes,
The deadly fight! O 'twas a father's shame—
A father's bondage that had stolen the smile
From his young cheek, and chilled his flowing joy!
—With practiced sinews will he dare the fight,
To give that father freedom once again!
—'Tis fearful daring! Yet he will not shrink—
He sees before the prize! 'Twill nerve him on
'Gainst blood, and wounds, and agony, and death—
No, no—he will not shrink!

But see old Medon!
O with a freezing coldness in his heart,
He hears the changeless purpose—and the drops
Wrung by pain's icy grasp stand on his brow—
And his pale cheek is paler than his child's—
He speaks—his hands are clasped—his tottering knees—
Bending beneath him—while his aged locks
Rest on his clammy forehead, and the tones
Come low and broken from his fainting heart:

'Lydon, my one—my all!
I see above thee now the blackening pall!
They bear thee from me to the silent grave!
I've ta'en my last look of my young,—my brave!

And Lydon, shouldst thou die!
Then all the springs of hope and joy were dry!
Better were slavery's iron chain to me,
Than freedom, Lydon, if deprived of thee!

And oh!—couldst thou destroy,
The life the Almighty One has given, my boy!
Freedom were to me but a bitter good,
So it were purchased by the price of blood!

And Lydon, thou hast prayed,
To unknown, senseless Gods, to give thee aid!
O to the One Eternal lift thy prayer!
'Tis he alone destroys;—'tis his to spare!

O Lydon wilt thou go,
Perchance to leave me to a life of wo!
Perchance to drag me with thee to the grave,
When thou canst cheer me, and thy father save!

Well Lydon, if thou must!—
Hear me Almighty One in whom I trust!
—My child—my hope!—I yield to Thee alone!
God of all mercy, O protect my son!

Lydon has gone! has ta'en his last farewell!
Old Medon bent his head that he might hear
His faint, far footstep, then he cast to Heaven
One look of calm despair and mingled trust,
And turned his tottering step to seek his home!

The sun rode high in Heaven! His chariot rolled
O'er the blue concave, and he smiled on earth,
With not an envious cloud to hide his face.
—It was a day of mirth in Pompeii!
—And jocund gladness weaved his rosy wreath
Round every brow!

Now were the thronging thousands,—
Matrons and maids, old men and careless youths,—
Gathered within the walls, that, circling wide,
Stretch in their huge proportions up to Heaven!
A murmur, hoarse and loud, that far resounds,
As the deep [illegible] of the wind sound on,
Clamours, impatient for the deadly sports!

O it is strange that man can so forget
His Heavenly nature, and the Eternal stamp
Upon his brow, as, in a hellish mirth,
To smile when man against his fellow man
Driven [illegible] slaughter!—and soft woman too;—
Depraved by noxious custom, can look on
Unpitying, while the life-blood stains the earth!

The sports begin. In the arena vast,
Stand the fierce gladiators, soon to war,
And shed the blood of one, perchance a friend!
Infernal warfare! Most unhallowed sport!—
And most unnatural! Debasing man
To level with the wild and grovelling beasts,
That know not other law!—and robbing him,
Of all that lifts him 'bove the things of earth,
And brings him nearer God!

Look! now the swords
Flash as they cleave the air, by vigorous strength
Wielded, and opening as they quick descend
Wide gaping wounds for death to enter in!
Now is one backward driven!—then pressing on,
In turn the opponent yields, and rearward forced
Upon his knee, maintains unequal fight!
Now quick upspringing, soon the fatal blow
He deals with murd'rous aim, that cleaves the side
Of him opposed, and lays him prone in death!
As the poor victim welters in his blood,
With stiffening limbs, and slow departing breath,
His glazing eye around on all he turns!—
But sees no look of gen'rous pity there!—
And while the death-pang gnaws his chilling heart,
Rings the exulting shout, for him who stands—
Proud in his fiendish victory!

And now
The victor waits a second enemy.
He comes, in armor clad, with face alone
To curious gaze exposed—and striding in,
With firm undaunted step, applause obtains
From the admiring crowd. Yet might one read
Some noble purpose on his marble brow,
Seeking a loftier goal than idle fame,
Waiting on victory! Unyielding, stern—
He bends not answering to the greeting shout,
Nor doffs his helm,—but in the midst he paused,—
And with an eager eye, each face he scans
Of the vast multitude—and now his gaze
Rests on a poor old slave! One look of love!—
Perchance of sad farewell, and Lydon stands
Nerved for the bloody strife!

The word is given!
With cautious step the twain slow moving close!
Awhile, unmoved, in silence they confront
Proudly each other, ere the fight begins.
One moment past!—and Lydon, with a stroke
Sudden and sure, the ringing steel divides
That girds his foe, and bears him down to earth!
While pours the purple blood and dies the sand.
Now rage enkindled fires the boiling blood,
And mocks at caution! Scarce the eye can mark
The falling blows! Hope and conflicting fear
Suspended, hover round the clashing arms,
Halting in anxious doubt! Ha! Lydon bleeds!
One arm hangs nerveless—palsied by his side!
He falters! No—his father is a slave!
His hand yet wields the sword! O noble son!
He yet may conquer! Ha!—another wound!
Lydon, hope ebbes for thee!

Alas, 'tis o'er!
He bleeds—he faints! and prone to earth he falls!
His life-blood oozes from the gaping wound!
Wrestling with death, upwards himself he lifts,
On failing sinews yet again to strive!
—It may not be! He sinks again to earth
And his pulse flutters! Yet, ere all is o'er,
He turns his glazing eye for one last look
From him, for whom had all been dared—all suffered!
O through that dreadful fight, had Medon sat
With clasped hands—pale cheek!—and such a look
Of all absorbing, conquering agony,
That did he seem, in his long fearful stillness,
A being not of clay!—a lifeless form!
—Fashioned and chiselled by the sculptor's hand—
Horribly like to life! When fell his son,
He did not shrink, nor weep, nor speak, nor move!
But when he caught that look of changeless love,
Upon the features of his dying child,
Burst from him then a shriek, as manhood utters,
Only when circles round his withered soul,
The freezing fingers of unchecked despair!
—Lydon, his boy, is dead!

What startles now
The horror-stricken crowd?—A lurid glare
Mocking the sunlight, on each ghastly face,
Paints wildered fear! Look!—from the mountain top,
A stream of flame shoots heavenward! Now the waves
Of molten fire, unchained, in horrid glee,
Tumultuous boil above the enclosing bounds.
Then pour in ruin down! The rushing stream
Wraps in a sheet of hissing, fiery death,
Earth and each living thing! A withering blast,
Heralds its lightning speed! It leaps the walls!
'Tis sporting 'mid the homes of Pompeii,
That death-fraught torrent! All the scorching air
Is black with blinding smoke, and whirling flakes
Of glowing fire! Now gleams along the sky
The lightning flash! Now peals the exulting thunder!
Now heaves the startled earth!

O what do they
Gathered for other scenes!—One soundless pause!
—One gaze of choking fear!—then is the air
Rent with a piercing yell, as that doomed race,
Mad in the rush for life, through close-wedged portals
Struggles to flee! 'Tis vain! Triumphant death
Rides on the wind!—flies gleaming through the air!
—Rocks on the earthquake!—and in demon joy,
Swims in the burning torrent!

All is still
In that vast structure, where, but now, the sounds
Of free rejoicing life, in gladness echoed!
The storm of ashes rustles as it falls,
In its grey mantle wrapping that so late
Basking beneath the sunlight! From without,
Spread the wild notes of death!—but nought is here,
Save the thick falling of the ashen rain,
To war with Silence!

In the arena's midst,
Seen by the lightning, and the fitful glare,
Kneels aged Medon by the stiffening corse
Of his lost Lydon! All he loved on earth
Is there before him! Thick the embers fall
On his grey hairs, but yet he heeds them not!
Fierce rages death around him! but to him
It has no terror! Sense, affection, thought,
Are with his lifeless boy. With trembling hand,
While the cold tear, that fain would loose itself
From sorrow's fountain, frozen by despair,
Wets not his glazing eye, he presses soft
His Lydon's brow! 'Tis hot, but not with life!
There is a burning flush upon his cheek—
'Tis not the circling blood that mantles there;
But on his features lingers yet that look
Of all-enduring love! With careful touch,
He wipes away the embers as they fall
On the dead face, and as he stoops to print
A father's signet there, his bosom heaves,
—And thus he murmurs:—

"Dead—dead—my cherished one!
Dead—when youth's golden chain of hope had bound thee!
O thou hast gone,
With all life's glorious promise around thee!
And I have circled thee with gushing joy,
—Yet now thou diest!—my boy!

And when stern death shall come,
And bid me, Lydon, to my silent home,
O then no tears,
Will weep me sinking in the vale of years!
For thou, my son, art lifeless as the stone!
And I am left alone!

Methinks I could have said
Farewell—had sickness laid her cold hand on thee—
And seen thee dead,
Had death not stolen like a thief upon thee!
But oh! thy blood—thy curdling blood I see!—
And thou hast died for me!

My soul is sore afraid!
For thou hast passed in darkness to the tomb!
Thou ne'er hast prayed,
For *Him* to cheer thee in thine hour of gloom!
Jesus had died for thee—the undefiled!
Thou trusted not my child!

O, Thou, in Heaven above!
Hear the deep breathings of a father's prayer!
May pardoning love,
Have bid him live with Thee in glory there!
O God! let not thy dreadful anger roll
O'er his benighted soul!

And now, farewell my boy!
I yet may press thee to my heart once more,
Where all is joy!—
And pain and toil and sorrow, all are o'er.
Farewell! One last fond look—and I will go,
Back to my lot of wo!"

Once more he gazed upon that calm, dead face;
Then with his trembling hand upon his heart,
And on his features a still dreadful look,
That told of utter desolation there,
He turned to go;—but O, the chords of life,
Were cracked—were broken! Once he feebly pressed
His burning forehead, as to still its pain;—
Then came a groan,—a struggle,—and the sire
Was dead upon the body of his child!
—Wailing was round them,—for a city died
In that dread hour! But of the shrieking thousands,
Whelmed in the fiery storm, none perished there,
Whom gentle Pity more might love to weep,
Than that sad father and his faithful son!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

A TEMPERANCE DREAM.

One evening I sat in my great arm-chair, watching the fire, and endeavouring to strike out some new ideas for a Temperance Address I was expected to deliver the following night, and upon which I had been a long time meditating: I had proceeded thus far in my undertaking—'Ardent Spirits are very injurious to man,' when suddenly my hands dropped down at my side, my mouth gradually opened, my eyes closed, and ere I was aware the sleepy god had taken full and undisputed possession of me. I was ushered in fancy into the company of a vast number of spirits of all nations, ranks and colours. Here stood a burly, sturdy, and rather sulky looking shape whom I immediately recognised as an Englishman. He was a ghost of many years standing, and shadowed forth the characteristics belonging to the by-gone days of 'merry England,' rather than those of the present age of reform and universal knowledge.—There was the 'Sawney,' of all ranks, but certain ones of his nation, who went while on earth, by the appropriate appellation of 'children of the mist,' made by far the best show. The Irish ghosts I observed, almost invariably appeared shaking a shilelah, in token I suppose of their national tendency to combativeness. The Italians were exceedingly attenuated and delicate in their proportions, and I could now and then discern the tapering and almost invisible point of a shadowy stiletto lurking beneath some part of their gossamer drapery. The Dutch shades were very substantial and of most uncouth dimensions. The little lively French sprites were so constantly in motion, and so agile in their movements, that I could scarcely keep sight of one for a moment. I occasionally encountered some very dark shadows, which I afterwards found to be those of numberless negroes who in this land of equal rights, flitted about cheek by jowl with the ghosts of their former masters. Americans, Turks, Tartars, Chinese, Indians, Persians, Russians, every nation and every clime had its representative. As I walked around, mingling in this motley crowd, I was accosted with many enquiries, and my communications were listened to with the utmost astonishment. There were some shadows so extremely delicate that they could scarcely be perceived; thin as transparent air, and vanishing as the morning dew, it was long before I discovered them to be shadows indeed of my own species, but of the more delicate half;—they were lady ghosts. Some of them seemed almost dissevered and I could with difficulty discover any point of union; these, I ascertained, had killed themselves with tight lacing, and as a punishment, they were in constant fear of losing one half of their shadow. Long before, had this shadowy population left the earth, and eagerly did they listen to my accounts—of its wonderful changes. After entertaining my audience a long time with the relation of many wonderful events, I mentioned my engagement for the following evening, as an excuse for taking leave of their ghostships.—'Temperance society! exclaimed many voices; 'Temperance address! what may that be, I pray; stop my good friend, and explain to us what you mean by this term. 'I think I can devise' said a little French sprite flitting up to me; 'monsieur means no doubt, that it is a society to limit the number of persons killed in a day; my dear sare, (turning to me) I am happy to inform you that I lost my corporeal substance, and became pure mind, (or more vulgarly speaking) I was killed during the few lively days we had in France when Messrs. Robespierre, Marat & Co. were in office. I had the honor of assisting them in their labours, but unfortunately, my own neck came under the knife at last and I ceased to breathe; now sare, I conceive my good countrymen have thought proper to kill a less number in a day, and they have instituted a society to moderate the matter. A heavy phlegmatic Dutchman who was standing near, hearing the sage suggestion of his French neighbour, took the semblance of a pipe from his mouth, and giving an overpowering puff, sent forth volumes of shadowy smoke and said, 'He was surprised at the foolish suggestion of the frog-eater, and would venture to make known his opinion, which was, that the mynheers and vrows of Netherlands, having had their eyes opened by the representations of one Diedrick Knickerbocker, had reduced the number of 'inexpressibles and petticoats,' worn by his countrymen and women from ten to six, being at length convinced that the diminution was not unfavorable to comfort, convenience, or beauty; this grand innovation must have occasioned the institution of the society above named. Scarcely had mynheer given vent to this weighty opinion, when a whole troop of fiddling Italians, and rigadooning Frenchmen came dancing along, and nearly overthrew me in their course. The dancers were making the most antic gestures, and extravagant exertions, as it seemed in spite of themselves. The fiddlers were obliged to keep pace, bow in hand, and elbow crooked, with their companions; they were a dismal looking set for persons apparently bent on enjoyment. One of their number taking advantage of a slow measure in the tune, told me with a melancholy whine, that having given way while on earth to an immoderate love of dancing, they were now obliged to keep up the practice without cessation; that their poor limbs were weary ages ago, but still they must go—caper, caper, caper. He added in conclusion, that he presumed the Temperance Society spoken of, was formed for the benefit of those intemperately addicted to this amusement. Before he had quite finished his speech, Paganini struck up a most vigorous allegretto, and away they went, whirl, whirl, till every [illegible] was [illegible] of sight—As they disappeared, I fancied I heard groans and sighs of a person in distress. On turning, I beheld a young man stretched on a couch composed entirely of rose-leaves every one of which was perfectly smooth and unruffled. On inhaling the sweet and delicate perfume that was spread around, the youth gave signs of disgust and loathing, and tossed himself about with all the marks of extreme weariness. In answer to my wondering enquiries, he told me that he was the luxurious Sybarite who complained of one *doubled* leaf on his bed of roses, and that as a requital of his excess of fastidiousness, he was doomed to be confined to that bed forever; that the very fragrance had become disgusting, and a bed of the coarsest straw strewed with thistles would be far more acceptable to him. He supposed of course that a prohibition of luxurious indulgence, was the object of our institution. As I left him, I could not but recal to mind my own frequent impatience if the maid chanced to leave a slight lump or two, in my down bed, and had forgotten to pin down the corners of the sheet to prevent wrinkles. I said nothing however, and should not have had an opportunity for any superfluity of words, as my ears were immediately assailed by such a screaming chattering, and vociferation, that I would most gladly have dispensed with my auricular organs for the time being.—The noise approached nearer and nearer, and presently a great cloud of those thin airy shapes I have previously mentioned as belonging to the fairer sex appeared before me, each one talking at the very top of her lungs. No one seemed to pay the least regard to the words of her neighbour; their object appeared to be to talk, not to listen, and yet they talked apparently without interest or excitement. I was not able to ascertain distinctly what any one of them said, on account of the confusion of this moveable Babel, but I gathered from the *whole*, that they had been afflicted while on earth with a most ungovernable desire to inform, enlighten and amuse their fellows with that little member, the tongue, and had effected this with so much zeal, that now they were condemned to this eternal chatter without rest and without cessation. 'How useful thought I, would be a society formed to moderate the free use of this accomplishment! this is indeed a subject worthy the thought and effort of the Transylvania Temperance Society; my own better half would be a most valuable acquisition.' I escaped from the din as soon as possible, and on turning my head discovered in one corner a long table covered with every delicacy the imagination can conceive. Around the table reclined a number of guests clad in the ancient Roman dress, and engaged in eating. Notwithstanding the variety of the viands and the care with which they were cooked, the company appeared quite listless and weary of their employment. As I advanced towards them, a ghost of great dignity arose to meet me, and addressing me courteously, spoke as follows: 'Mortal, you behold in me, one of whom you have no doubt often heard; I am that refined glutton the famous Lucullus: while I was on earth, the great end and object of my existence, was to gratify my pampered and depraved appetite, every corner of the known world was searched, every clime was taxed, to satisfy my artificial wants. My fate now, is to sit at this table hour after hour, year after year, age after age, eating without appetite the food which is hateful to my sight.

This society of which you speak, probably inculcates temperance and moderation in the use of food, and prohibits unbounded indulgence of the appetite, 'Alas,' said I 'most noble glutton, the ideas of the present age are far behind your ghostship's on this subject. Ashamed and sorry am I to say, that the most active members of our Society, our presidents and our speech-makers, have no concern in temperance as it regards the use of food. To my shame be it spoken, I, Anti-drinking Alcohol, President of the Transylvania Temperance Society, chief speaker in all meetings of the friends of reform, speechifier elect of the Annual County Temperance Society, fell asleep in my chair this evening, in consequence of eating too large a portion of oysters after a supper of sausages and chowder! worthy Roman, our ideas of temperance do not forbid unbounded indulgence in the use of food, and a man may give full sway to his swinish propensities, and yet be called a most exemplary pattern of temperance.' Before Lucullus had time to reply, we saw approaching us, a thing, bearing some faint resemblance to the 'human form divine,' but so bloated and bulky, that I could not immediately satisfy my mind as to his nature and attributes. He was dressed in the quaint and singular costume of the reign of Henry the Fourth. His face was broad and bloated, his eyes small and twinkling, but his face and eyes were forgotten when I contemplated that form, which with its singular protuberance I could guess belonged to no other than the redoubtable Sir John Falstaff, mistress Quickley's chief patron, and Prince Harry's boon companion.—He came towards us with a staggering and uncertain gait, holding an enormous bowl of sack, which he grasped with a trembling hand. Sir John he certainly was, but the jolly knight no longer. As he passed along, ever and anon taking a tip at the sack we heard him mutter—'Pest take the woman; faith, an' I were the same Jack Falstaff I was in days of yore, but I would be-cudgel your plump body, Dame Quickley, till it was of the consistence of a dried herring. To give me such vile potations as these! why! it is no more like the good sack I and the Prince and Poins used to drink, than it is like Adam's ale.' As the shadow of the old knight departed, I turned to Lucullus and said, 'Here noble Roman you may behold a true personification of the vice I and my contemporaries are endeavouring to expel from the earth. The same propensity that transformed that disgusting lump into the beast which he is, is still to be found in men. It is true, that by the Temperance about which we make so much ado, we understand merely, freedom from the charge of drunkenness; a *temperate* man, my dear sir, may be as illustrious a glutton as yourself (no offence); he may be sick of a surfeit six days in the week; he may pamper his depraved appetite till the wholesome food his nature demands, is revolting to his sight; he may indulge in every species of excess, every trifling whim of fastidious luxury, may lead or follow in every extravagant and ruinous fashion while his fellow beings may be starving almost at his very door;—all this he may do, and yet he will come forth, boldly come forth, a champion in the noble cause of Temperance! And this is *consistency!* one word in your ear my friend, and I have done; instead of returning to earth to finish my temperance address, I believe I shall go and retrench some of my superfluities; I believe I will order some half dozen less dishes for my dinner; I will dispense with some of my numberless luxuries, that my poor neighbour may enjoy a few of the necessaries of life, and I will leave for some other person better acquainted than myself with Temperance in *all* its forms, to instruct others in that rare virtue.'

So saying, I bade adieu to the land of shadows, and awoke with a most musical snore, amused at least, if not edified, (as I hope you have been patient reader) with my DREAM!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE UNFORTUNATE YOUTH.

'Look into those they call unfortunate,
And closer view'd you'll find they were unwise.
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath.'
Young's Revenge.

'Bringing perchance, like my poor tale,
Some moral truth in fiction's veil.'—*Scott.*

'REFORMED rakes make the best husbands.' For the truth of this old aphorism we vouch not; nor, indeed, is it necessary, only inasmuch as it would serve to extenuate the fault of which many young ladies are guilty, that of regarding the youthful rake with a more favorable eye than him who becomes sober and dignified in youth. The former seems to them only to have been led astray; the latter to have lost all his natural vigor. They cannot condemn the rake; they pity him—they grieve for him, but cannot condemn him. Among this number was Maria, of the [illegible] K—— in Scotland. She was one of those shining beings upon whom all look with admiration. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and all her motions were displayed with unaffected grace. Her hair, of glossy black, which she wore in ringlets about her head in the form of a turban, was ornamental in the extreme. And her mind, too, well corresponded with her beauty;—in fact—

'What's female beauty but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?'

Such was Maria when she became acquainted with Calvill, a youth of superior intellectual powers and a good personal appearance, though both of these qualities had been much injured by a dissipated course of life. There was a mutual love between these youthful beings. Many a one of higher rank and more promising habits, had sued for the hand of Maria, but sued in vain. She was by no means a coquette, nor did she feel flattered with the compliments or encourage the attention, of the many gallants, who were eager to pay their addresses at the shrine of beauty. Calvill was the happy object of her choice. Upon him she conferred her first and truest love. His mild, graceful, winning manners spoke volumes in his favor, and his youthful faults were regarded as only the few dark spots which must, in the course of nature, partially stain the bright page of human existence. 'What though his buoyant spirits overflow,' thought she, 'and his passions are wrought high. No cares now weigh heavily on his head. Why should we wonder that he has thus far in the leisure of youth, frequented the scenes of mirth and revelry? Juvenile feelings can never brook the passive quiet which suits a gray-headed sire. His present faults are only the pardonable errors of his age, and I believe, that my voice and my hand can easily and speedily lead him to change habits which surely are not permanent.' Such were her thoughts as she entered on an engagement with Calvill. Time rolled on and beheld in its course this youth gradually reforming. He yielded not to the railings of a Xantippe, but to the sweet, warning voice of a milder and more lovely female. He was now seldom seen among his former associates, and showed strong signs of entirely forsaking that course of life, which to all eyes, except perhaps to those of interested females, appears little auspicious.

The gay companions of Calvill saw with sorrow the coldness he manifested towards them on every occasion. Many were the plans they laid of winning back his affections, but they all failed alike. Accident at last in part brought about that which zealous exertions had not been able to effect.

As Calvill was passing one evening along the most frequented street of K——, he met one, whom, he now was sensible, it was for his best interest to avoid. This person, whose name was Kinsale, had been the means of seducing many a young man from a well directed path. He possessed such fascinating manners and so smooth a tongue that no one could resist him. Calvill, though it was in his heart to avoid him, could not show personal neglect. Even now he saw the smile of recognition upon his face. Its effect was instantaneous. He returned the friendly salute and grasped affectionately the proffered hand. Kinsale familiarly took his arm and after expressing joy at meeting him, proposed to direct their course down one of the many avenues, leading from the more public street.

An hour passed away. Our heroes might then have been seen, sitting together in a small, but neatly furnished room of a retired inn, at which they with others had oftentimes before assembled. Upon the table was placed the flowing bowl, and Kinsale appeared eager in exhorting his companion to join with him in trying its contents.

'No, Kinsale, no,' answered Calvill. 'I cannot—I must not Kinsale! we were once friends—intimate and bosom friends; nor will I now keep from you my inmost secrets. Maria—'

'Ha! ha! ha!' interrupted Kinsale with a provoking laugh, 'I know it—I know it. But alas, that so fine a fellow as you should care for a Maria. Why, I, too, have a Maria, and yet I can drink a social glass with a friend and enjoy it as well as ever.'

'It may be so with you, Kinsale. But do you love that Maria? I fear you do not. Let him, who has fixed his thoughts upon some young lady in the purity of affection, but extend his hand towards the cup, it falls paralyzed by his side. She is a protecting angel, present at all times of danger and of need. I confess to you, Kinsale, so I think it is with me. I love Maria—I dote on her, and in her presence and from her smiles I enjoy real happiness, to which you are a stranger.'

'Indeed!—indeed! Calvill.' Is all this true, and are you really so cheated by a pretty face? I would shed tears, if I could, at this doleful account you give. You cannot enjoy a meeting with a friend because you love Maria!—Calvill, do not show thus thy folly and weakness. Come, cheer up—a toast; and it shall be 'thy mistress.'

'Ha! that toast is too dear to be refused,' said Calvill as he raised the cup to his lips and quaffed its contents, as it were, by magic influence.

They had scarcely placed their empty goblets upon the table, when a door opened, and several of their former companions entered. The usual greetings took place, and on the part of Calvill they were observed to be far more cordial than of late. They entered into brisk and lively conversation, and ere the dark hour of midnight came, they all heartily joined in jovial merriment.

Morn arose: Calvill might then have been seen walking alone up the narrow avenue, which conducted from the inn, where he had passed the preceding night. The light was just beginning to break forth in all the beauty of the morning. The pale tinge of the east, contrasted with the darker hue of the west, was exceedingly beautiful. Calvill had now arrived at that part of the avenue where the buildings were so high as to render objects scarcely distinguishable at a little distance, when he beheld a person extended upon the side-walk almost beneath his feet. He looked upon the face and recognised the features of Kinsale, paler than usual. As he endeavoured to raise him, he beheld with horror his own hands covered with blood and felt the warm liquid as it ran upon them. On examining still farther he perceived that Kinsale's breast had been pierced with many wounds, in one of which the fatal weapon was yet remaining. He seized it, trickling with blood, and, as if now to prevent its deadly effect, held it as far as he could reach from the body. He knew nothing more until awakened from a state of insensibility by the cries of the populace. They had fast gathered round him, and were even now conducting him, the probable murderer of Kinsale, to the Provost of the town. He placed his hand upon his brow as if to recal the past events to mind. Some of the crowd questioned him, but he could not deny that he was the murderer of Kinsale. At last his eyes rolled terribly; a gleam of memory was passing over his mind, and he struggled to retain it.

'Methinks' said he, 'methinks'—and again placed his hand upon his brow and paused—'methinks I do remember of being with Kinsale the past evening,' and then, as if all came to him at once, he exclaimed, 'I am innocent—I did not murder Kinsale.' But all his explanations were of no avail; so difficult it is to waver popular opinion, once fixed. 'Hang him—hang the murderer,' and expressions like these were heard from every quarter, and amidst the taunts and jeers of the people he was conducted to the Provost.

Circumstances evidently wore a deep colouring of guilt against Calvill. The blood was still upon his hands. It was believed, also, that the cry of 'murder,' which had been heard was from the dying Kinsale and that Calvill had feigned insensibility for the purpose of obtaining time to invent some story to palm off upon the crowd. He had been found still grasping the bloody weapon in his hand as if about to inflict another wound. The Provost, having considered these things, sentenced the prisoner to be hung the following day as the murderer of a peaceful subject of the King. In what [illegible] did these few words [illegible]

Calvill: that his flesh been torn and bitterly mangled upon the fearful rack, he would have suffered, comparatively, nothing. The half pronounced name of Maria died away from his nervelous tongue; his muscles relaxed; every part of his frame seemed to deny its office; and in this state he was hurried to prison.

All that had happened, and Maria, as yet, remained ignorant of it. In a short time a messenger arrived and announced to her that Calvill was in prison, condemned for a capital crime, for which he was to atone with his own blood on the morrow. She furiously sprang from her seat and, uplifting her hands clenched in agony, shrieked,

'Merciful heavens.'

Her eyes glared; her face grew deadly pale; now she laughed frantically and then shed copious tears; and the incoherent expressions she uttered plainly told she had become a maniac. How could the female breast withstand such unexpected, deathlike news!

'Why, villain, bringest thou me this lie?' she exclaimed. 'Ha! ha! ha! ! assist thou he would soon be here?—Calvill—sweet Calvill, thou art cruel thus long to stay away. Crimes! condemned for crimes? 'Tis false. Say, didst not thou mistake the person? It was, it was another. Ha! ha! ha! he will soon be here. Ha! I hear his footsteps; he comes—conduct him in. Calvill, sweet Calvill, art thou not cruel to delay thus long? I am glad thou art come at last; for I have waited long for thee. They would make me unhappy and say thou art condemned for crimes; but 'tis false—'tis basely false.'

The following morn, Maria, having recovered from the shock she had received the preceding day, escaped the vigilance of her friends and, hastening to the Provost, demanded a reprieve for the innocent condemned; for she emphatically pronounced him innocent. Tears and entreaties availed nothing with the Provost, who prided himself upon strictness in his office, rather than justice.

It was now near the time of execution. Maria had not seen the unfortunate Calvill. She knew not, whether to rush to the prison and cling to him till the fatal time was over, or persevere in his favour with the Provost to the last. Extricated from this state of doubt by a sudden resolution, she darted from the presence of the Provost and passed the streets with hasty steps.

It was not long ere she renewed her petition at the feet of the king, who had been residing for the few past days in K——. He was moved. Having learned that Calvill had been condemned on doubtful proof and that a mystery was still hanging over the deed, he ordered a reprieve to be written and delivered to Maria.

The paper had scarcely been placed in the hand eagerly extended to receive it, when a bell sent forth its hollow peals, which floated in melancholy tones along the air and died away in distance. As the sound reached the ears of Maria, she stretched forth her hands, and regardless of the presence in which she was, burst into a wild, but musical laugh—'Ha! ha! ha!—Once that bell has rung for naught,' she exclaimed, and abruptly left the apartment.

She hastened to the prison, and was not a little troubled on finding that Calvill had been taken thence towards the place of execution. However, she hurried there. But the moment she arrived in sight of the scaffold, she uttered a piercing shriek and fell upon the ground. What saw she? It was the body of Calvill, hanging in the air. Some of the crowd immediately came to her assistance. The reprieve, which she still held, firmly grasped in her beautiful hand, was carried to the executioner, and the body of Calvill was taken down, though it was feared too late.

Not many days had passed after these events, when a dame, far advanced in years, appeared before the Provost and, breathless with anxiety, asked to see the dagger which had been so fatal to Kinsale. It was produced. The eyes of the good woman no sooner rested upon it, than she exclaimed—

'Oh! the murtherer—the murtherer!'

It was some time ere any explanation could be obtained from her. At last she informed the Provost, that she had seen that same weapon in the possession of the 'strange gentleman,' as she termed him, who resided with her.

It appeared, by the explanation she gave, that this stranger, since his residence with her, had so conducted himself as to excite the curiosity of all. No one knew who or whence he was. Many were the vague reports circulated about him. Some called him a misanthrope; but no one was sufficiently intimate with him to learn his views or his feelings.

The dame, a short time after the murder of Kinsale, chanced to be alone in the room the stranger occupied, when casting her eyes upon the table, where she had before seen several weapons, she beheld that a dagger, which she had particularly noticed, was missing. The thought occurred to her, that this might be the very weapon with which Kinsale had been murdered; that her lodger, who had been regarded as perfectly inoffensive, was nothing else than a murderer.

Such things were by no means to be passed over without notice. The Provost with the necessary attendants accompanied the dame to her dwelling.

The stranger sat as if in deep meditation. The Provost and company abruptly entered the room. As the dagger was presented before his eyes, and the order issued to seize him as the murderer of Kinsale, the secret villain started for a moment, and a change, though almost imperceptible came over his countenance; but he immediately relapsed into a quiet, untroubled state. Persisting in declaring his innocence, he was removed to a place better fitted for an examination.

A spacious apartment was soon crowded with spectators. The prisoner still firmly declared himself innocent. Suddenly a person appeared, forcing his way amid the crowd. He soon gained the side of the prisoner, upon whose shoulder he placed his hand and exclaimed—

'Tis true; he is not the murderer of Kinsale. Behold in me him who shed that innocent blood;—but it was at the instigation of this darkest, basest of villians. His own dagger he gave me with which to execute the deed, and blinded my eyes with his infernal gold. I listened to the whispers of fancy. I imagined that one blow would supply me with wealth, and that a life of peace would follow and flow from the foulest and most unprovoked deed of wickedness. I yielded to the temptation of mammon. I struck the blow. Even now the sufferer's groan rings in my ears, and his ghastly visage rises before me, as it ever has done since that fatal night. O conscience—conscience, how sharp thy stings! Despair, I found, was fast leading me on to other crimes. This was well exemplified in the eagerness with which I wished to see the innocent Calvill atone here on earth for a crime which I had committed.—Purity of heart once lost, it is a difficult task again to recover it. I am totally reckless of my future conduct, since the guiltless soul of one of my fellow creatures has flown upwards to stand as my accuser hereafter.

'Having a few moments since learned that the villain, who had poisoned my heart, which once beat undisturbed, was to be tried for his life, I hastened hither to pronounce him innocent—and yet to declare him guilty. His deeds are over. He who has exposed his crimes, will be his executioner.'

Upon uttering these words, he drew a pistol and discharged its contents in the breast of the prisoner. The crowd, after recovering from the shock, pressed forward to seize the wretch, who had thus dared to shed human blood in their presence. But he presented other pistols and gave them to understand that the same fate awaited them, unless they heard him speak yet more.

'Behold,' said he, 'at my feet my destroyer. I have slain him. Suppose you I venture here unprepared? This dagger shall terminate my career of crimes. I die miserable—I deserve no better death.'

Ere any one could reach him, he placed the dagger to his heart and fell upon its point. One struggle, and life had flown. The dagger was seen buried to the hilt in his bosom.

Let us draw one curtain over these bloody scenes. Let us deplore the consequences of guilt and pass on to [illegible] which had struggled long against suspicion and suffered much.

Both Maria and Calvill had been rendered to worry [illegible] of sickness. They had now recovered. The interview they [illegible] was affecting beyond the power of description.

[illegible]

They, who had been the dissipated companions of Calvill, took warning from the fate which threatened him, renounced their evil habits, adopted an upright course of life, and became ultimately, with but few exceptions, the pride of their native town.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1835.

Mr HENRY GODDARD, *of Portland* and OURSELF.

For Mr Goddard, whom we have known above twenty years, we feel respect enough to be sorry that he should insist on a newspaper controversy with us, touching that '*pound of flesh*' referred to in the Galaxy, of July 25th. But he will have it so. Being somewhat ambitious of literary fame, he has appealed to the country—' which country you are'—and must now abide the issue.

But before we begin what we intend for a brief reply to no less than three different communications by Mr G. on the subject, amounting in all to no less than three mortal newspaper columns, we beseech the readers of the Galaxy—and we don't care a fig for any body else, having no *opinion* of people that don't read the Galaxy—to make English, (*if they can*, of the original paragraph by ourself headed 'The pound of flesh—no fiction.' A part was left unfinished, and as we never happened to see the proof, we had no opportunity of correcting the error. But now, now copying from Mr Goddard, we shall print the omitted passage in italics. Of no importance whatever to the question we have to consider, it is of the greatest importance to *ourself*, as a grammarian. We had as lief see a comma left out of a manuscript, or a period substituted for a dash, by some blockhead of a printer. Being in a fair way to become the nucleus—or watchword—of a most alarming church controversy, we cannot bear to have it go down to after ages in the present shape—we shouldn't sleep quietly in our grave.

And now for a history of the whole affair, to the best of our knowledge and belief. We shall give it wherever we may in the very language of Mr 'H. GODDARD' himself. At first we had no idea of publishing his arguments at length—or essays rather, which sooth to say are somewhat perplexing and abstruse, but meant to abridge them. After a fair experiment, however, finding *that* impossible, and being rather unwilling to subject ourselve to further misrepresentation, we have determined to let him speak for himself, adding here and there a modest word or two of our own, by way of reply, and leaving the decision of the matter to the first Congress of Nations—or Court of Areopagus—that may happen to be called together. If we *must* have a book, this will enable Mr G. to publish with little or no expense.

The original transaction was related to us, on Sunday, July 19th, by the sufferer himself, Mr John B. Cross, who, at the time, avowed his determination of making it known as widely as possible. There he was wrong. After having submitted to the imposition—for so he must have regarded it, else why did he complain?—he should have held his peace. But with Mr John B. Cross, we have nothing to do—our business being with Mr 'H. GODDARD' now, and with nobody else. The very next day, Monday, while about sending off a roll of manuscript for the Galaxy, we added the paragraph complained of, in the shape of a hurried postscript, which we expected to see in the proof, but as we have said before, did not, else we should have made a bitterer thing of it, as well as better English.

But on the following Wednesday, July 22d—*three days before the obnoxious paragraph appeared in the Galaxy*—a communication was made to the Portland Courier, by Mr 'H. GODDARD,' himself, wherein he speaks of the transaction as already *public*—as being *industriously commented upon, and in unmeasured terms condemned*. See the paper hereunto annexed and marked A.

On the following Saturday, in due course of publication, the paragraph appeared in the Galaxy, at Boston. It arrived in Portland the next day, Sunday. On Thursday evening, July 30th, four days afterward, we met Mr Goddard in the street. With a flushed and anxious face, he requested an interview with us after tea. Having other engagements, and knowing by experience what we had to expect from one of Mr G.'s explanations, we begged off, tendering an hour on the morrow, either at our office, or the head of State-street where we were building. On reaching our house, we were met with—Have you seen Mr Goddard? He has been here three times to see you; and the next morning by day-light—or at least a couple of hours before any reasonable creature, with a clear conscience, would think of disturbing a neighbor that he hadn't a grudge against, he was at the door again. Having a horror of explanations—even the shortest—upon an empty stomach—and being rather sleepy, we begged leave to re-suggest the time and place already agreed upon—whapped over—and went to sleep again like a Christian.

At length we met. And we listened to him with all possible patience for a full hour—sending away client after client—no, that's a mistake—several persons we had business with—so that he should have nothing to complain of, allowing him to take notes of one friendly conversation we had with him, and separating at last under the—the—the—the *apprehension* that we were to meet again and talk it all over at least once more. But we heard nothing further, till Tuesday, August 4th, when the communication, hereunto annexed and marked B. appeared in the Portland Courier. Still we forbore. We neither opened our mouth nor lifted our voice—though deeply sensible of our obligation 'in the implied character of guardian of the public morals,' and called upon by the strongest of all possible motives—Mr Goddard being a personal friend of ours, a very good fellow at bottom, among the most charitable of our citizens—and very orthodox—to give him a capital drubbing, for the sake of '*the cause*.'

And what was the consequence? Why—on the Friday following, out came another essay of two columns and a half, hereunto annexed marked C.—*throwing the whole blame upon us*. Human patience could bear it no longer!—We are in the field now, and Mr 'H. GODDARD' must take the consequences.

The following is the first article referred to—published by Mr 'H. GODDARD' himself, at Portland, *three days before it appeared in the Galaxy at Boston!* And yet he dares to complain of newspaper notoriety, and of our having given publicity to the transaction.

A.

Portland, July 22, 1835.

Dear Sir—Feelings of delicacy should prompt every one to shrink from making his private transactions needlessly public—but *when made so by other causes* than the agent himself, it is equally plain there are cases when both self-respect, and respect for higher considerations should overcome all temptations to be silent.

Please therefore oblige the subscriber by publishing the above and the following in your next paper.

Having been requested by Mr Cross of this city to present my account against him,—I did so.—It consisted of a note on which I had cast the interest annually. It was promptly paid and with apparent freeness, and without remark. I am since informed that by individuals of the community, the affair in reference to the *creditor has been industriously commented on, and in unmeasured terms condemned*.(1)

I think it proper therefore to make the following propositions. *First*—If any upright and intelligent citizen on proper examination of the subject shall decide that the above was a violation of justice to Mr Cross, the subscriber will hand to such arbiter the amount received, to be applied to any good or useful object.(2) Second—If another upright and intelligent citizen shall decide that the above is a case where mercy should mingle with justice as a principle of action, a second sum amounting to the debt will be also paid, to be applied to some other humane or charitable object.(3) Third—Believing Mr Cross to be a high-minded and honorable man, if on reflection, he will express himself dissatisfied with the principle on which the above transaction was adjusted, or that he would be better satisfied to have paid less, I will refund to him the sum received.(4) If by payment of one or all of these sums, or if I should be called on to pay neither,—and if in addition to this it should be found I have here acted on a received principle which has governed me in paying as well as receiving during my business life,(5) I shall then confidently hope that my character for consistency will not suffer,—and that no good cause will in this connection have suffered by my means. Yours, respectfully, H. GODDARD.

(1) Observe here—we had never mentioned the name of Mr Goddard. That he did for himself. We had not even told the story—nor was it known to a living creature that we intended to tell the story, at the very time when Mr Goddard came out [illegible] his own name, as large as life, [illegible] and justifying the whole transaction, though by [illegible] individuals of the community, industriously commented on, and in unmeasured terms condemned."—And here we [illegible] ask what ground of complaint Mr Goddard [illegible]—Where

fault is it, if his name should be forever associated henceforth with a thousand stories, not of dishonesty, but of exaggeration and stinginess.—We could mention a multitude, not worth lugging into a newspaper controversy upon religious matters, which we have been furnished with since he flung down the gauntlet in defence of taking compound interest.

(2) We accede to the proposition. Holding ourself to be both 'an upright and intelligent citizen'—by common consent, and we leave it to Mr Goddard if we are not, and having made a 'proper examination of the subject,' we do hereby decide that the taking of compound interest in the case under review was a violation of *justice* to Mr Cross—*not being the usual course of business, nor in the contemplation of the parties at the time of entering into the contract*. Mr 'H. GODDARD,' will therefore please to hand over '*the amount received*,' and we will lose no time in applying it to a '*good and useful object*.'

(3) Furthermore, in reply to the second proposition, we stand ready to produce 'another upright and intelligent citizen, who will decide that the above was a case where mercy should mingle with justice.' And therefore, Mr 'H. GODDARD,' the sooner that second sum, *amounting to the debt* be also paid over, to be applied to some other humane or charitable object, the better. Our stewardship is entirely at your service.

(4) And with respect to the third proposition, we appeal to Mr J. B. Cross himself. Hadn't he *reflected* sufficiently at the time he told the story to us, and to half a hundred others? And wasn't he dissatisfied with the *principle of the transaction*——or at least the *interest*? We say that he was; and that he has already given the most decided, the most unanswerable proof, as a 'high-minded honorable man,' by mentioning the circumstance. Therefore Mr 'H. GODDARD' has nothing to do but shell out under the third condition, or refund to Mr C.—who will refuse it of course—the sum received.

(5) Here you observe a ground of defence, which, although insisted upon at the interview between Mr Goddard and ourself, was finally abandoned by him before the public. Here, because he, a very careful and exact man, has always insisted on paying compound interest, if a note of his happened to lie over by mistake or otherwise—therefore he may require it *of all others, under all circumstances!* Allow this, and you unsettle the whole foundation of business. Every man's private and peculiar notions are to become a law to others. No such thing as a general custom can exist.—All custom is individual and particular. In other words there is no such thing as *custom* for the regulation of business transactions. It is no longer a question what the *law* is, nor what the *parties intended*—but simply what one of the parties intended.—And where they happen to disagree, who shall decide?—The *receiver* says Mr Henry Goddard: fortified by the certificate of our friend, Samuel Fessenden, who, we will venture to say, was entrapped into the position, by mistaking *his* obligation for another's.

A warm-hearted man may insist upon *paying* compound interest, though it be never claimed; but no warm-hearted man would *therefore* insist on receiving it. Go a step further. If our friend Goddard—for he is our friend, after all, and we are his—or our friend Fessenden were in debt, and allowed the debt to lie over year after year they would insist on paying compound interest. So they say, and we believe them. And it was owing to a circumstance of this nature, where Mr Fessenden was the *payer* instead of the *receiver*, that he was led to the conclusion that it was not '*ungenerous*' to receive it. How could he hold otherwise after *paying* it? But why stop there?—why not go further—much further? Why not insist on paying bank interest—compound interest in advance?—and reckoned every sixty or ninety days?—Why not repay the per centage of endorsement—in a word, why not insist in *fully indemnifying* the creditor? He may have been obliged to pay two per cent a month. He may have sustained heavy losses, or at any rate, have been crippled or hindered from speculating to advantage in timber lands. Why not insist on *fully indemnifying him?* The principle is the same. Where would you stop? If custom, law, and the understanding of the parties be disregarded, where can you stop. And if because you do this—you have a right to *require* it of others—why should you stop—short of the *fullest indemnity* of the uttermost farthing?—of the pound of flesh?

But it is one thing to *pay*; another to *require* that pound of flesh—and yet another to take advantage of a debtor's generosity, when flushed with unexpected wealth, and almost incapable of reasoning. We teach a child to give the *largest* piece of cake to another; but we teach that other to take the *smallest*. The whole is a mistake; but the mistake of honest misguided men. *Reversing* the great law of charity—what they do unto others, they would that others should do unto them.

But the true question recurs—and will forever recur—what is the *law*?—what the *custom*?—What was in the contemplation of *all* parties, not of one party, at the time of entering into the contract?

We have come now to the second communication of Mr Goddard, marked B.

(B.)

SIR—Having been in common with another citizen, somewhat rudely assailed in both my *moral and religious capacity*, (6) by a third fellow citizen in the implied character of guardian of the public morals, and as one of the editors of the Boston Galaxy—although my name was not given in the denunciation, *various considerations prompt me to defend myself before the public*; and should neither justice nor any movement toward doing me justice, appear in the next number of that paper, I must afterwards for that purpose ask the use of your columns.

H. GODDARD.

(6) How had I assailed Mr Goddard in his moral capacity? I had not assailed him at all—I had not even mentioned his name. I had merely repeated a story which I had excellent reasons for believing; but I assailed nobody. It was himself—and he has nobody but himself to thank—for the unenviable notoriety he has obtained. I believed him to be a very close, honest, but mistaken man, erring where it is extremely dangerous to err—*in his own favor*. With the 'other citizen' here alluded to, I shall not meddle for the present—had I known at the time all I now know, I should not have mentioned him, and might, perhaps, for his sake have forborne to deal with his fellow transgressor.—But what if I had? Would Mr H. Goddard have thanked me for it?—the man, who, after having been *the first* to publish his own shame in the newspapers, trying in his first communication to identify himself with '*a cause*,' and putting his name to it in large capitals, the man who after doing all this, and more, has the assurance to complain of being dragged before the public!—Nonsense man! *half a dozen* coach horses couldn't drag you the other way.

But we have now come to the third and last communication of Mr. G.—may it be the *last!* for we cannot think of republishing more. It appeared on Friday Aug. 7th.

(C)

Mr SMITH—Please copy the following paragraph from the Boston Galaxy, and publish my reply which follows.—I take this opportunity to notice the kindness of an unknown friend who enclosed to me some time since that number of the Galaxy, which I put into my pocket with other papers, and which for want of leisure to open, has not met my eye till this moment(7)—nor did I know that such a piece was in existence till nearly a week after it was published.

Thus is a *private transaction*(8) made the theme of newspaper comment—thus are incidents related—the passions of the community addressed—thus without individuals' names, is private character associated with a *public* cause(9) to suit the purposes of one who helps to wield the public press.

How far the author in his picture has been indebted to *fiction*, and how far to *facts*,—and in how candid a temper he has completed his work, the sequel, in addition to his communication itself, may assist the reader to judge.

"*The pound of Flesh—no fiction.* A strange, adventurous, whole-hearted fellow, whose advertisement appeared *a few days ago*, calling upon all who had claims against him, either at law, in equity, or in honor, and whether barred by the statute of limitation, discharged or otherwise, to call and receive principle and interest—offering to give all his own debtors a discharge in full whenever they would take the trouble to ask for it. Well—this man called on two of our most respectable merchants a few days ago, (merchants of Portland, mark ye!) both well off, and one rich, for the purpose of paying debts which had already been discharged. They had notice, however, and he found them prepared—but how?—with warm hearts and open hand?—No! but with a sheet of fool's-cap ciphered all over with compound interest! He paid it—principal and interest—compound interest—hoped they were satisfied—and left them where we leave them, to the reproaches of their hearts—of their *hoards*!—No of that pound of *flesh* where their hearts should be. We wonder if such [illegible] ... [illegible] forgive our debtors. E."

The spirit and language of the above article are such as in the opinion of some should discharge the assailed party from every obligation to appear before the public in self-defence.(10)

If prompted by personal considerations only, this would probably have been his decision—but as it has been both admitted by my assailant, and is self-evident in his story, that the incident was taken advantage of to attack a cause—the combined motives have drawn me before the public for my own defence, and so far to defend a cause which if not assailed through its professors, needs no defence from man.

It having been admitted in an interview with the individual whose initial is above, that the subscriber is one of the parties he undertook to describe, I shall as if my name had been expressly mentioned, use the first person in reply to his allusions to myself as one of the parties denounced.

First, as to the statements—The debt from Mr. Cross to me *had not been discharged*—it had been barred by statute of limitations—but between the two there is a distinction which both as protempore biographer, as a member of both the legal and editorial profession, but especially as the defender of public justice which includes personal rights, he should not have overlooked. But what does the fact that the debt was barred by the statute of limitations, prove? but that the creditor during a period of more than six years had never troubled the debtor on the subject.—The debtor is then described as *hoping*, by which I suppose is meant, expressing a hope that the creditors are satisfied, &c. To me he said nothing of the kind—*and I had not then a doubt that he was satisfied*. The demand was enclosed, with the remark that I had cast the interest annually as probably more agreeable to his feelings, as I thought it would be to my own in exchange of circumstances. It will be recollected that the debtor in the character of an honest and high-minded man calls on all to whom he is indebted, to present their demands—that he is not only able to pay the whole of every just demand—but that he can do it without self-denial—being *rich* besides. The question is therefore one of *justice* alone—one in which till made the theme of public accusation, I should have thought it little less than insulting to the debtor to talk of, or act on as a matter *of forbearance* in any degree. As to the *dose*, it had no cognizance of the affair—the note as before stated was barred by the statute. I had during seven years or more (though I saw the other party almost daily,) never taken steps to make him amenable to the law, either by asking a new note, or *for any payment*. And if rather if the law *could* act as a substitute for the higher principles of equity and honor, how *would* it do it?—How does it equalize the matter of interest between debtor and creditor?—In case of indorsement if I understand what it says, and what is its practice, it permits and sanctions compound interest daily, if payments are made so often, and these amount to more than the interest. And a reason, and probably a sufficient reason appears for this, that it is to accommodate the debtor that all partial payments are received after the whole is due, instead of refusing less than a payment of the whole. While the law speaks thus in case of partial payments, what does it say in case of none? It says that in this case interest shall *never* be compounded—but which of the parties is accommodated in case of no payment during ten times the term of waiting which was stipulated between them. Is it not the *debtor* in this case as well as the other?—Wherefore then the unequalness, and how plain the inconsistency!—The debtor is thus for aught I can see constantly tempted by the law to withhold all payment till he be able, or find it convenient to pay the whole—which may never be. The law is necessarily imperfect, and should not therefore be the chosen tribunal of duty with honest and honourable minds. The main argument in favor of the equity of annual interest I reserve till I have done with my accuser's statement of facts, and his concluding Query.

As a foil to the magnanimity of the other party, I am also compared with him in all the power of contrast, by saying he forgave all his debtors who saw fit to ask it—instead of which he says, all who are unable to pay, who will pledge their word to this effect, he will release—he seems therefore not chargeable with this proposed act of supererogation.

Next I add that if I fail to establish any point of argument in reference to myself,—my fellow creditor who as a citizen it would appear has kept me in countenance in my alleged extortion, is not a professor—and I am therefore in this case happy to say I am alone in the reproach which through us both was intended to be cast upon the cause.

To destroy the character and influence of individuals whom he terms pious, orthodox—seems the sport or more serious aim of Mr Neal; but this is evidently secondary to a higher object of his ambition.(12)

And now for the test of Christian character, which as a Query is so lightly introduced for the purpose.

Does any one understand that forgiving our debtors is other than a precept of *mercy*?—And is mercy instead of justice to be shown where it is neither needed nor asked! that any are forbidden to receive payment of a debt, and a whole debt when offered by the affluent! What are to become of the needy, if we are thus required to *give* to the rich? All know, or may know, that every precept of the gospel if practised, would promote the present welfare of both individuals and communities. Acting on this construction of the command, society in its present form would be overturned:—even the name of debt would be useless where no obligation could be discharged, as it could not, where what would otherwise be debt must of necessity forever remain in the hands of its possessor. All would be benefactors though there would be no recipients.

The path it is now hoped is open to the main point.

The question whether receiving annual interest is just, has thus far for convenience in the plan of argument been to some extent taken for granted—the reasoning in support of it will follow.

The two great classes of pecuniary obligations which exist in the community, originate either in Merchandise furnished on the one hand, or money loaned on the other. On the expiration of the stipulated credit for merchandise, (which is ordinarily without interest,) the former class is merged in the latter.—And as to the classification into primary and secondary debts founded on money loaned in the first instance, or goods furnished in the second, that division has no place where the debtor proposes to pay every creditor the whole of every debt. Though alike therefore, in the case under consideration, I shall in a few succeeding remarks consider the general class of merchandise debts, to which this belongs.

1st. What is the *longest* term at which the seller and purchaser contract, when merchandise passes from one to the other. This will be admitted to be not longer than six months—(in the case in question I believe four was the term)—after which interest commences—but there can be no interest if the debt is paid according to contract—and if it be not then paid, annual compound interest does not begin to come in question, for twelve months more. Now is it asserted that there is ever an understanding expressed or imagined by the seller at the time of sale, that interest shall not be added to the principal for as many years as the debtor may see fit to make him wait? On the contrary, is there a case in fifty where the seller will contract to wait even two years after a debt shall be due, for interest compounded ever so often? An answer is unnecessary.

When therefore the debtor is unable or unwilling at the stipulated time to perform his contract, how often shall he pay the interest? Or if he fail to do even this at all, which for a time he may be unable to do, how often does justice, (the law not regulating the case) require it should be done, when the debtor having taken his own time, becomes able to do justice? It may be that no manner of casting interest, or that no rate of interest will compensate the creditor for the injury of excessive delay:—but I will not suppose an extreme case.

What is the time at which money for merchandise is contracted to be paid? for good debts in this and similar cases become money debts after the term of credit—I answer they vary from a day to a year—but the general periods are three, four and six months.—If the latter then is the extreme term contracted for when any stipulation is made,—is it unjust for the creditor to take the extreme period of a year after for the adjustment of interest, when as in the case of a merchandise debt, he has not probably consented to any term of delay?

Am I told the note should at first have been written with interest annually.—I again reply, it was not intended or expected, that the note when given should remain as much as a year after due—and had it been so expressed, would it not be in the power of the debtor plausibly to say to the creditor and to others, that a delay, of years was anticipated, or a principle coming in question at so late a day, would not have been referred to?

If the above reasoning is worth any thing, I consider the point as established that a credditor after delay of any term exceeding a year, is both in equity and justice (if there is any difference) entitled to receive it at least once a year—and if so, is entitled when not received, at an after period to adjust a debt on that principle.

I have therefore done with the question of my demand against Mr Cross as it relates to law and equity.

And now if in the opinion of any, my reasoning is sophistical, or I am in delusion, of such I ask, (with the Roman of his countrymen in a more serious case,)—Against whom have I offended? and who shall condemn the principle and practice?

Not that numerous class of society who let or hire money houses or lands, for their contracts, collections and payments sanction twelve months as the *longest* term of simple interest.—Not Banking companies for though protected by law, they receive interest for terms of less than a month, and from this to six months, which is their extreme term, and this taken before it is earned—not letters of money at extra interest, or buyers of notes at still greater discounts; for their own practice goes very far beyond the case in question—not that class of debtors who are unable to pay, for they may not be a disinterested party—and certainly not that class, if there be such an one, as are unwilling to pay; for they cannot be unprejudiced.—On either the justice or mercy of one party alone even if my reasoning be rejected as unsound, do I apprehend I can be thrown—and that is the class who have in no case received compound interest through a series of years, except where it is expressed—and where they have yearly called for interest, without effect—and by these I do not fear being hastily, or in unmeasured terms condemned.

HENRY GODDARD.

Having been called on for my private opinion as to the justice of claiming annual compound interest, where a debt has been due a series of years, I reply, that I consider such claim perfectly just and where there is ability to pay,—[illegible] —and that as debtor in like circumstances, I should prefer to pay on that principle.(12)

(Signed) SAMUEL FESSENDEN.

(7) Ah!—Had not met Mr Goddard's eye till this moment! How could this be?—Was this last communication to the Courier, written before he called at my house three times in one evening, and once the next morning? *Then* the Galaxy had met his eye—and this communication does not appear till *a week afterwards*. If written before, in what spirit, did the man come to me for explanations? If not written before, how could he—how durst he say—that the offensive article had not met his eye till the moment of his writing a *third* reply, two of which had a direct reference to the article in the Galaxy?

(8) *A private transaction*, hey? Wonderfully private after Mr Goddard himself had published in the Portland Courier, with his name to it in *staring* capitals! acknowledging there that it was already a subject of *unmeasured condemnation* with *individuals*.

(9) The *cause* again! No sooner is Mr Goddard put to the bar, than he begins to talk about *the cause*. We find it in his first communication. What wonder, therefore, if others, and ourselves among the number, insist upon identifying him with that cause? We do—and we told him so, when he put the question to us in so many words. Professors of religion, like Cæsar's wife, ought not to be *suspected*. But it is for others to say whether he shall be allowed to betake himself to that cause, under such circumstances, as to a city of refuge, thereby confounding what is intended for him personally, with the welfare of something far more important, the cause of religion itself, or rather of Orthodoxy itself, which, between ourselves, we take to be a very different thing. But that as we have said before, we leave to others.

(9) Why not bear to the opinions of some? Why so anxious for newspaper notoriety? Look into your own heart, Mr 'H. GODDARD,' and see what your real motives are, for thus obtruding yourself and *your* concerns upon the public.

(10) Oh, but he is out in defence of '*the cause*.' We must 'hear him for his cause—and be silent that we may hear.' Now, we apprehend that any cause would have little to hope and much to fear from a newspaper controversy carried on between Mr H. GODDARD and the senior editor of the Galaxy.

(11) Mr Goddard charges me with appealing to the *passions* of the community—with destroying the character and influence of individuals whom I term *pious, orthodox*—and this '*in sport*,' *and secondary to a higher object*.—What is that higher object? Does Mr H. Goddard hope to avoid or escape that question?

(12) For all that concerns the certificate of Mr Fessenden, see note 5.

But enough. Already have we argued the question far more seriously than it deserves. And we conclude by repeating the enquiry. How understand *you* that part of a certain prayer. O Lord! forgive thou us our debts, AS we forgive our debtors! In other words—would you have it Englished for you thus—Require of us, thy debtors, O Lord God Almighty! principal and interest, yea *compound interest!* and we shall be satisfied; for do we not require it of others?

N.

TAR-BRUSH SKETCHES.

BY BENJAMIN FIFERAIL.

NO. V.

You never was up the Sthraits, Ben Fiferail?

Never, Dennis.

Won't I spin yea twister thin, about the king o' the Turks?

King of the Turks? I thought it was the Sultan.

The Sultin? Well, its all one in Greek, Ben Fiferail.—Where's the differ I'd like to know, if a feller has the dosh, an' the sojers, an' his say in every thing, wedther you call him King, or Presidint, or Sultin, or Skipper? Well the King o' the Turks, he had four lawful wedded wives, an a raft more that he couldn't spake so well iv. A mighty fine hullabaloo they'd kick up about his ears to be sure; it was murdther an ouns, wake in an wake out, an divil an hour's pace Sundays. If he'd a noggin o' the raal brought in to him, sorrer a drap he'd get, bekase why? Its perlite he was, an whin he'd be given his women the dthrink first, an the can kem back till him, it ud be dthry as a judge's eye whin a murdtherin tief blubbers for mercy.

You know something about that?

Hould yer tongue. It wasn't a child he had in his cabin at all, this King o' the Turks, barrin one. He was well-lookin enough, the b'y, but whin his fadther tould him he must git him a wife, sis he, Dad, I'll not do that thing; its wives enough there is intil the house, widout my fetchin anodther to quarrel over the drap liquor. Wid that the ould man was up direc'ly—an the b'y was up too, an a braze there was blowed up, you may swear. The ould one sis he, he cal't the b'y his Christian name, but its out o' my head now—

His *Christian* name?

Ay, so its Jack, I'll call him for shortness. Jack, sis he ye block'ed, if ye don't make twain from one flesh, its a dirrty dape dungeon I'll put ye intil, an there ye'll stay till you've rason in ye. Wid that he sung out bloody murdther for his horse, fut and dthragoons, an they walked Jack down intil the cellar, an seein it was the mont of July maybe, whin the ould praties was gone, an the new ones not gathered, its a roomy place was the pratie bin. They walloped Jack into that, bodily, an the King locked the door, an put the kay intil his pocket, an wint up the ladder agen. It was darrk an dirrty enough that the place was, an Jack all alone; but bein in a tundtherin passion, he hullabalooed himself to slape, while the ould King kicked all his wives out iv his room up stairs, an had a nice paceable dthrunk to himself, all alone. By an by Jack snores. Is that tundther? sis the ould King, and he paped down through the cracks o' the floor upon Jack,—no he's aslape the unduthiful b'y, while his fadther's heart is breakin, and I'll be doin the same. So what wid the liquor, an the way he was in, the ould king shut his dead lights down—an the wives was all so mighty quiet for fear they'd be shut up too, that they wint to slape, for want o' betther empl'yment. Thin sis the sojers, horse, fut, an dthragoons, won't we slape as well as our betthers? So they stretched themselves out, an the slapy god Vulkin clapped a blinker on the decklights of every modther's son an da'ter iv em.

What sleepy god was it?

Oh, shut your mout Ben, don't I undtherstan logarithms? Well, while it was aslape they all were, a giant who lived next door, an owed the King a grudge, thought, by rason there was no noise, they were mighty quiet in the cabin—

A reasonable conclusion.

To be sure it was. Well, sis he, that dirrty spalpeen iv a king chated me last fall, like a heathen Turk as he is, an if I'd find em all aslape now—You must know Ben that the king an the giant took a pratie field at the halves, an whin they come to divide the beautiful fruit, it was the biggest half that the king took. 'If I'd find him aslape now! Here, Norah girl,—

Who was Norah?

His daughter to be sure.

The Turkish giant's daughter?

Oh, the giant was no Turk, at all—paple iv that big bastely stature belong to no nation unther the sun.

True Dennis.

An isn't it the troot I spake, every day? 'Norah! sis he—

How came her name to be Norah? that's Irish.

How came it? Is'nt that a question for a scholard, like you, Ben Fifernil? How came it?—Why that's what she was christened to be sure. 'Norah,' sis he, 'come wid me, an if we find that dirrty snipe iv a King aslape, won't we stale some iv his murphies?—for all we have in the house for the bit dinner the morrow, ye might put intill yer eye, an see none the worse for—an I'd like a thrifle, a bushel or so roasted for my lunch the night.' An Norah she was plased, roguish little witch that she was,—

Ha! ha! ha!

What ud ye be clafferin at, Ben?

At the giant's *little* daughter.

Ah, but ye'd laugh louder could ye see her Ben—she was fit to be laughed at, a quane. She clapped on her cloak an hood, an thripped afther her fadther, an they paped intill the windy, and there they was, all aslape, sound enough—the King, an his wives, an his bloody sojers, horse, fut an dthragoons.

But I thought he drove his wives out of the room.

Couldn't they come back agen ye booby, whin the King was aslape? The giant stips in, an like a blundtherin blackguard [illegible] 'Let go my bolt!' sis she, for she was [illegible] wid the odther fifty-one wives—an the giant stood still a bit. This he goes along agen, aisy, an Norah takes down a bit rushlight [illegible] an wint down [illegible] intill the mud wall, and follows him down cellar. Now hould yer apron, Norah, sis he, an I'll pull out the bush, for its fastened the door is. Wid that he pulls it out so aisy as you'd sprout a murphy, an opens the door. It was faint the light was, an the giant fumbled on the ground—'mushe, good luck,' sis he, 'here's a pratie big enough for a mouthful!' an he tuck up Jack's head—but its a tundther in long heavy sprout, the lazy baste iv a king has let grow til it—hould the light Norah dear, while I twist it off.—Wid that, his murdtherin fingers was round Jacks neck, an its unaisy the poor lad's weasen all a felt, but sis Norah, sis she, 'bloody murdther fadther!' an sis Jack in his throat, 'Ug-a-ug-a-rock-oh!' If it id been a hot pratie, he couldn't drop it quicker, an Norah, the tinder sowl, tuck Jack's head in her lap, an waked him to slape,—but not before she'd let him take a pape at her own swate face, the slut.—Grumpy enough the giant wint home, an Norah follow'd, but its full o' Jacks beautiful potaty head, that her head was, an the marry chance he id stood for it. Divil a bit did the racket rouse the ould king at all, or his sixty wives or his sojers.

In the mornin, sis the ould king, 'Kathleen!'—that was Jack's mother. An she hem till him in a divil iv a fit o' shakin—for the King iv the Turks has an ugly way iv his own, o' tyin up his wives in a bag, an trowin them intil the Liffey—

Why that's a river in Ireland!

Oh, its not the Liffey I mane—its the—

Never mind Dennis.

Niver mind tie thin—but he trows them intil some unhealthy strame or odther. Well, Kathleen she kem til him in a stew, an sis he, 'Go down an tell that ribbilyious son o' yer own, that he must make up his mind forenist breakfast, for divil a moutful he gits till he does.' Wid that, down goes Kathleen, and sis to Jack, spakin betwane the cracks till him—'Will ye be married Jack?' 'To be sure I will, mother dear,' sis he, 'an if fadther had a let me see the beautiful cratur afore he shut me up, it isn't Jack Delany'd—

Delany? was that the king's name?

It'll do, for Jack iv a betther—an why not? Isn't it a purtier name nor Guelph, any day in the wake? What do you mane? sis Jack's modther, sis she. Why, I mane, sis Jack, that I was throubled wid a cramp in my neck last night that iver was, and my fadther, St Patrick's blessin on him for that good dade, sint Misthriss Jack Delany that is to be, intil this place to comfort me, an take out the kinks an cable-tier pinches. Och hone! och hone! its crazy you are, my darlin b'y, sis his mother. The divil a bit, sis Jack, for I'll take my bodily oath on the four evangels—

Ha! ha! ha! Did the *Turkish* prince swear on the Evangelists?

To be sure he *did*, an its only yer own want of grace, that makes you laugh at houly things, Ben Fiferail. Jack stuck to it tight that there was a woman in his room, the night, an that he'd marry her wid his whole heart. By an by, sis his mother, to humor his madness like, as she thought, Well Jack, to be sure there was a woman in the cellar, but it was one o' yer own fadther's wives, Jack, dirlint. The divil a bit, sis Jack, for niver a wife o' my fadther's was half the leddy, or the beauty, that visited Jack Delany last night. Do ye say that to me? sis his modther, yer fadther's wife, an yer modther? To be sure I do, sis Jack, troot is troot. Stay here an rot thin, sis she. An up to the divil mother, *if ye plaze*, sis he, for he was in a murderin passion. An up stairs she bounced.

An excellent son, Dennis.

Thrue for you, all Ir—, all Mahometan, Pagan, I mane—but hould yer tongue Ben. Och hone, yer majesty, sis Kathleen to the King, its crazed that Jack is, intirely.—He sis, the poor b'y that there was a woman intill the dungeon wid him. Oh, sis the king, he's dreamin only, an not crazy. But he trated me like a brute baste, sis she. That's natural, sis his majesty. An' he tould me, sis she, to go to the divil if I plased. Wid that the king jumped up; he is crazed for a troot, sis he, its out of his head he is, for no man in his mind would give a woman that liberty. Thin the docther was sint for direc'ly, an' Jack was brought out iv the dirrty hole into daylight agin, an' he told the same story over, an' whin the king, his royal father, clapt his good lookin eyes upon the big black spots on his neck, he looked mighty hard at a wife of his that was hoping one day to see her own son on the trone of Turrkey—

I thought the king had but one child.

Oh shut your mout Ben. He looked hard at her, thinkin' maybe, that she'd be jealous of Kathleen an' would put Jack out the way, to make place for her own offspring.

But I thought none of his wives but Kathleen had any children.

Oh be aisy, Ben! What 'ud I do wid you now if there was women hearin you bodther? He looked hard at her, an' the offisher that had the bag in his hand, began to untie the sthrings—

What bag?

Why didn't I tell ye Ben that the king of Tur-rkey has a way wid him of trowin' his wives intil the wather, tied up in a bag? The king looked hard at her, an this holy thought himself how good she was about the pigs an' the rist iv the poulthry, an' made up his mind not to drown her till afther Christmas.

A careful king Dennis.

Why shouldn't he be? Now we'll lave the king, an' go over intil the giant's house. Miss Norah was in a taking to be sure, all in the suds as she was, whin she saw the king comin across a bog there was back iv the house, an step in intil the back door. The top iv the mornin to ye Miss Norah, sis his majesty. Wid that she dhropped a curtsey; ye'll tak a dhrop iv dew the morn? To be sure I will, sis he; an while the king was dhrinkin the dhrap, she twisted off her washin apron, an puts back her hair, tho proudlike sy. Ye're purty to look at, sis he. Tank yer majesty kindly, sis Norah. Wid that he wint from one thing to anodther, till he put his ar-rms roun her neck—

Did he have to get on a stool?

Oh hould yer tongue, Ben. He put his ar-rms roun her neck, an' at the blessed momint who should come in but the giant her fadther, wid a big ar-rmful of tur-rf for the pot bilin. Tear an ouns, sis he, an' he trowed the whole on the heads iv em. Murther, sis Norah, ye've spil't the wash intirely.

What did the king say?

Divil a word, for a minit, by rason he was floored and astonished wid the load of tur-rf laid on him. Direc'ly the king come to his sinses he sprang to his fate, an' sung out bloody murther for his sogers, horse, fut an' dthragoons, an they made a pris'ner iv the big blackguard iv a giant.

Why didn't he knock 'em down by the dozen?

Troth, Ben, I niver asked him. Thin the king, wid his head all blood, where it sthruck the corner iv the turf, marched off the giant to his cabin for thrial, and Norah wint wid 'em, takin on. Whin they got to the house, there was Jack wid a pipe in his mout sittin in the doorway.—Praised be Allah! sis he—

Is that *Irish*, Dennis?

Was Jack Irish Ben? Wasn't he a Pagan Mahometan heretic? Praise be to Allah! sis he. Ye dirty blackguard, sis his fadther, is it glad ye are that my head's broke?—Oh St Patrick's cur-rse on yer head, sis Jack—

Is that a *Turkish* curse?

I'll shtop direc'ly Ben, if you keep bodering. Bad luck to your head, sis Jack, its the self same leddy that, that cured me of the broken neck, the night. This the giant shivered in his brogans, for fear the party stalin' had come out, an down he dropped on his marry bones, an told the whole story. An Norah thrembled, by rason she was modest, an Jack for joy he'd found her, an Kathleen for the drap Usquebaugh she'd put in her praties an milk to comfort her the morn, and the king bekase he was in a divil iv a passion—an a divil of a shakin there was, to be sure, all round. Just at that minit along comes the king's confessor, an by rason they were all quakin, a beautiful set of penitents he tought he had, so he slipped his hands in a fatherly way, and gev 'em all absolution together, widout askin any questions, to save time.

A Catholic priest?

Who else 'ud gev absolution, I'd like to know? Thin whin they all found they were in a nice way, [illegible] too, that they'd chated his riverance out iv what they would'nt had so aisy if he'd taken the throuble to [illegible] 'em, they make it all square over a pot liquor, an Norah an Jack were jined in the holy bands iv matrimony—an that's the whole story Ben Fifrail.

But I don't understand what business a catholic priest had in Turkey.

a wicked heretic you are, God forgive you, for callin' the holy dathy in question at all. You never were up Siberia?
I told you no once.
This what do you know about it?
Why, I've read—
Oh to the divil I pitch yer books—theyre a pack of lies together. I've been in Turkey meself.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Wife, and Woman's Reward, by the Honorable Mrs Norton. 2 volumes. New York, Harper & Brothers—Boston, Wm D. Ticknor. Though mentioned last in the title, Woman's Reward is first in order, and occupies the whole of the first and a large proportion of the second volume. The principal characters are a selfish, tyrannical, handsome and disagreeable brother, and a devoted, amiable sister, who has pledged herself to her father on his death bed, to be the guide and actual guardian of the wayward brother. Then there are a country attorney and family, with whom Lionel Dupre is placed after his arrival in England from Madeira, from whom he turns to the hunters, flash companions, gentlemen, and others who make up the circle of associates of a young English gentleman of fortune; a distant connexion who takes Mary, the sister in keeping, after Lionel leaves the attorney's family, for Eton and Oxford; a beautiful girl, a Madeira acquaintance of Lionel, who meets her after her arrival in England, and betrays her. She seeks the stage for subsistence, and upon her first appearance sees Lionel in the boxes, faints and interrupts the evening's performance by her inability to proceed. Lionel's sister hunts out her residence, and learns from her the history of her brother's falsehood. But we shall not undertake to introduce all the characters to the reader, presuming that if he read the Galaxy notices of [illegible], he will, upon our recommendation, make 'Woman's Reward, and the Wife,' the occupation of his next leisure moments. Mary's life is a continued struggle with the ill temper of her brother, until death removes him; the history of the actress is an affecting episode, (hardly an episode strictly speaking) and some of the remarks relative to her profession, introduced incidentally are liberal and just. The volumes are replete with excellent sense, and beautiful sentiments, poetically and unaffectedly expressed. A volume of delightful excerpta might be detached from the connexion in which they stand—and the work as a whole, may be taken, we presume as a correct drawing of some of the features of English fashionable society.—One point, in both tales, we notice, and then have done. Mrs Norton may be but detailing her own experience, when in both stories, she places one of her characters in the situation of mutual confidant of man and wife. In the first, Mary is an unwilling listener to the secrets of her brother and his wife, and is driven from the house in a pettish fit of the latter. Each had by turns suspected her of favoring the other. In the last tale, an artful woman, an inmate of the family, ingratiates herself into the confidence of the wife, and carries stories to the husband, which he should have heard from his wife's mouth, but which, coming from a third person, make her conduct look like deceit. The go-between is detected and dismissed, but as she had wrought the couple to the separation point, and all is peace again. In conclusion, we again commend the book, particularly to married people—and to unreasonable men selfish of their individual comfort, whether married or single. W.

Portland Magazine—for August. A very fair number, with two or three excellent things in it, and about as many more, rather washy.

Speculation—by a *lady* of Penobscot—meaning a gentlewoman, probably, as we have no *ladies* here—or there. A good story, well imagined and well carried through; calculated to leave a lasting and valuable impression.

To the Soul—Isaac C. Pray—A poem of twenty or thirty lines, all of which, save about one line and a half are capital prose, and that is capital poetry, 'Gleaming Ocean depths'—and

'The midnight knell of time
Dim sounding o'er the solitary waste.'

Here is the poetry, and all the poetry to be found in the piece.

Geology of Portland and its vicinity—Prof Hitchcock. A valuable, curious and agreeable paper. Pity the proofs had not passed through the hands of the professor—a few trivial errors might have been spared—but still the paper is one worthy of general attention, *just* now, when all the world are mad after mineral treasures—steatite—zeolite—granite—and sienite.

Night—Eurycles. Well enough and nothing more; but what on earth could possess the fellow to change his person so frequently.

'For closely are ye woven round my heart,
And oft recurring, do I think of *thee*,
When life's rude wave's tumultuous fears impart,
As now I sail o'er *manhood's* boisterous sea.'

Query—*Manhood's*' or *Boyhood's* boisterous sea?

The dangerous *frolic*—Mrs Stephens. Admirable—but we have read it before, and—if we are not strangely mistaken—in this very magazine. To be sure, it is wonderfully improved now—but what of that? Perhaps—on second thoughts, we are afraid it must be so—perhaps we saw it in manuscript. And if so—why the devil hasn't it been published before. It is indeed a first rate story. By the by though—what is a *cuckling* laugh?—a cackling laugh perhaps. Then why not say so. And again, why spell absence with two *ss*?

On the launch of the Steamboat Portland. Fine poetry wasted. And moreover, steamboats don't ride the hurricane's wing—though birds may; and the water of Portland harbor never did greet the steamboat aforesaid, with '*banners of foam*.' The thing is impossible.

Philosophy. Sensible enough.

Editorial Notices—Clever and of a champaigne spirit. N.

The Knickerbocker more than holds its own—and 'its own' is an enviable reputation, since it passed into the hands of its present conductors. The sister cities, may well be proud of such literary representatives as the New England, and the Knickerbocker, and Americans should make it a point of duty to award to each more than bare praise. The August number of the Knickerbocker has among its contributors, Jas G. Percival, Mrs Sigourney, Saml. L. Knapp, and Mrs Embury. Extracts from the 'Gift,' in anticipation, comprise scraps from Washington Irving, Bulwer, Mrs Sigourney, W. G. Simms, and Che Garnet, alias Jack Garnet, author of the 'First and last Flogging.' We have not space to-day for a notice of each article in the number, but refer the reader to Samuel Colman, Cornhill.

By the way, we had nearly forgotten to tell the Editors, that one of their correspondents has imposed upon them, in offering the 'Lines addressed to a Lady named Light' as original. We saw them ten years ago—and have a copy of them taken then, from a Salem paper, we believe.

Everett's Oration at Beverly. This is as it should be. When such men as Edward Everett, and Daniel Webster are called to the ministry of regeneration about our country's altar, we may hope to see the *Fourth of July* no longer a dishonored—no longer a dishonouring celebration. These are the doings that make men of us. They bring our children acquainted with their great Fathers—and through them, with Jehovah. They encourage the lofty among us to trample under foot all the miserable distinctions of party, and to remember, on this Sabbath of Nations, nothing but this—that WE ARE ONE.

Our Fathers—where are they? They have disappeared from the earth only to be remembered with a holier and heartier affection. It is but now that we are beginning to know what they were; to see the whole outline of their majestic proportions. Consecrated—sanctified—if they are not the gods of our temples, as they would have been, had we and they flourished a few centuries earlier, they are the Builders of Empires for themselves, and the standards whereby we measure the mightiest of the mighty Heathen, till they drop away in shadow, and dust and nothingness.

One of the most eloquent and uplifting passages of modern history, we find here—

In the measures touching the final renunciation of allegiance to Great Britain, John Adams took the lead; the same individual, as it seems to me, who formed and expressed a distinct idea of American Independence. In a letter written in the month of October, 1754, when he was himself but twenty years old, while France and her Indian allies stood, like a wall of fire, against the expansion of the American character, he predicted the expulsion of the French from the continent, and the establishment of an independent government on the basis of the union of the colonies, [illegible] the vision of Adams, before the open commencement of the war, which removed the French from the continent; long before the new financial policy of Great Britain had woke the thunders of James Otis and Patrick Henry; twenty-one years before the blood of Lexington was shed. For twenty-one years, at least, John Adams had cherished the vision of Independence. He had seen one war fought through, in singular accordance with the destiny he had foretold for his country. He had caught and fanned the first sparks of patriotic disaffection. His tongue,—his pen, in thoughts that breathe and words that burn, had discoursed to the understandings and hearts of his fellow citizens. He had spurned the bribes of office; he had burst the bonds of friendship; and identifying himself, as well he might, with his beloved country, he had said to the friend of his heart—who unhappily differed from him in politics,—in the moment of their last separation: 'I know that Great Britain has determined on her system, and that very fact determines me on mine. You know that I have been constant and uniform in opposition to all her measures. The die is now cast; I have passed the Rubicon; swim or sink; live or die, with my country is my unalterable determination.'

How simple! how straightforward! how energetic!

Of a truth John Adams was a great man; worthy of companionship with George Washington and John Marshall. Pity the breed cannot be preserved. N.

Montreal Herald. A paper worth reading these times, ay—even in *these* times, when every hour is worth ten times more than it will fetch in gold. Occasionally we meet with a very clever essay in it—and in the number now before us, that for July 30th (No 26), there is one touching the *contrivance* of the men who built up our 'glorious Constitution,' well worth *studying*. The writer is a sensible fellow—our government makers were afraid of the mob—and ought to be.

Rev Mr Cheever. We should like a cast of this man's head—and with it would purchase admission to the privileges of the Boston Phrenological Society. A report upon it, by a committee of the members would be one of the most interesting papers ever presented. If they did not find combativeness, destructiveness, firmness, reverence and secretiveness large, and benevolence small, we would acknowledge him a peacemaker and a lowly Christian—notwithstanding his *humility* in himself setting forth in so many words, that he is 'the Lord's Anointed Minister;' and his selecting the text, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do,' for his next public exercise after his lesson in *Bacon's* Philosophy. Not content with the tumult he was 'the humble means' of raising in Salem, he has dived into the Albany malt kilns, and led his demoniac soldiers fresh from the Salem campaign against order, to new glory in New York. In plain English, he has dreamed again; but he will, if he persist in his present course, produce consequences to the cause in which he professes to be engaged, of which among all his dreaming, his peculiar modesty has not allowed him to dream. Distillers and brewers should settle a pension upon him. W.

Brooks of the Portland Advertiser—now on his travels through Great Britain, has been heard from.—His first letter, written just after the sea sickness had left him, appeared in yesterday's Advertiser, and is a good introduction to what we may expect after he is fully recovered. He is on the right road now, and his letters, will be read with deep interest, we dare say. They ought to be. N.

Barlow's Lecture on Phrenology. This man will certainly be distinguished. Though affected in his manner—full of unnecessary and violent transition—reading with his head down, so as to smother half his words—and throwing off what he intends for burst after burst of unpremeditated eloquence, which are in fact anything *but* eloquence, partaking largely of the flourishes one may *see* at Bartlemy Fair—still, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the lectures are interesting, eloquent, fervid and well qualified for illustrating the *Science* of Phrenology. All he wants now is practice as a lecturer—with a gentle rap or two over the knuckles, when he runs off into poetry and declamation. For the former he may depend upon the public—for the latter he may look to us. N.

Down East. Justice R——, of Boston, had been to Bangor and on his return was accosted with—'How do you like Bangor?' 'Like Bangor!' ejaculated the Judge, why Bangor is well enough, but the people outdo Yankees by their inquisitiveness.—Sir, said a man touching my elbow, will you buy a tract?—Sir, said a second, have you land to sell?—and, Sir, said a third, what is your business, what did you come here for?—This last needed an answer. Sir, said I, you appear like a frank man and I will be equally frank with you.—I have a bond (his eyes began to glisten) which I am anxious to have taken up (he became interested) of a meeting-house and minister (he turned on his heel) and I am looking for a congregation—(he was off)—I was troubled no more.' W.

Portland Exchange. So sure as this work goes into operation—as it will, for the money is all subscribed, and about ten per cent. paid in—so sure will Portland become distinguished in a few years for the beauty of her public and private buildings. With the best and cheapest materials, and the finest situations to be found any where, what is there to hinder?—Are capital and disposition wanted? No. Is good taste?—Query. N.

Prizes. The proprietors of the Boston Medical Magazine, offer a prize of fifty dollars for the best original Medical Essay of not less than fifteen, nor more than thirty pages, which shall be deposited with Mr Ticknor, No. 138 Washington street, before the first day of January, 1836.

The Phrenological Society offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best argumentative article *against* Phrenology, of not less than one hundred octavo pages—to be sent post paid to J. S. Sleeper Esq., Secretary of the Society, or left at the store of Marsh, Capen & Lyon, before the first of March. There's magnanimity for you! Try your hands unbelievers. W.

N. B.—We shan't run for this prize—therefore let not competitors be deterred by the prospect of defeat which *might be* certain if we did.

Six Months in the House of Correction.—Printers who have published the advertisement of this book, will obtain their copies by sending to Mr Munsy, the publisher. It would be unreasonable to expect us to hunt up means of conveyance.

The intended celebration of the Convent was abandoned. We understand that the band who were to play for them, on learning the state of the case, refused to come out—and that the individual who was to provide the dinner declined to set his tables. Our city government took the precaution to be prepared against tumult without making any note of preparation.

The steamer Independence appears to be getting a favorite with Eastern travellers. She left on Tuesday for Portland and Bangor with a full freight. Her commander Capt Thomas Howes, is much liked. At Belfast they are waking from a lethargy that has hung upon them for years, and are making arrangements to run a boat between that place and Bangor; a boat is also talked of to run from Bangor to Eastport.

The establishment of the Great Falls (N. H.) Journal is offered for sale on account of the ill health of the proprietor. We should think it might be a good investment for a young man of industrious habits.

De Soto. The abrupt annunciation in some of the city papers that, after his pardon, this individual was detained, by his counsel, D. L. Child Esq. on a civil process, caused some surprise, on the part of many persons, before they took into consideration the fact that Mr C. was entitled, at least, to indemnification for expenses actually incurred by him. Facts which have subsequently transpired to the public, have satisfied all doubts of the propriety of the procedure on the part of those not acquainted with Mr C.—while those who, in any measure justly appreciate Mr C's character, never entertained any. It appears that Mr. C. was out of the city—that he was *satisfied of De Soto's ability to pay*, and that he left directions that he should be discharged upon full payment of the actual cost only.

The Cumberland House at Portland is now what it is advertised, 'a genteel and comfortable Hotel.' Mr Jackson, the gentlemanly keeper, is every way competent for the management of so good a house.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Armand de Leone, a Tale of the 16th Century,' [illegible]

Abolishment of Punishment by Death. We are pleased to find memorials in circulation for signatures, praying the abolishment of the infliction of death as a punishment in this state. It is contemplated to present them to the Legislature at the September session; and in towns where a printed form is not to be found (we think there can be but few such towns) if there be persons who have weighed the matter, and feel disposed to sign such a memorial, a simple and brief form should be drawn up, and circulated forthwith. Let the people be heard in this matter, through their representatives—and a mischievous cause of laxity toward, and sympathy for the worst of criminals be removed by repealing such sections of the criminal law as legalize murder, and one beneficial effect will follow, if no other.—Malefactors will cease to be canonized on the scaffold.—All argument against the law may be summed in one sentence, whether considered in its effect upon the community, or the sufferer:—'*The very worst use to which you can put a man, is to hang him.*' W.

☞ The Busts of Chief Justice Marshall, presented to the Athenæum by Col T. H. Perkins; and a bust of Mr Perkins, ordered by the Athenæum, are now in the Gallery. Both are by Frazee; and the same artist has received orders from the institution for busts of Judge Story, Judge Prescott, and Hon John Lowell.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.
FOREIGN.

From Europe. By the packet ship Sheffield at New York, London papers to July 8, and Liverpool to the 9th have been received.

Liverpool, July 9.—The subject of exportation of flour from this country to America, in consequence of its high price in the United States, and the low value it realizes here, has excited some interest.

Cobbett's place in Parliament is filled by a Tory, (Lees) who was elected by a majority of seven votes over John P. Cobbett.

Charles the 10th, ex-King of France is not expected to live.

The most important item of intelligence is the raising of the seige of Bilboa. The army of the Queen, 20,000 strong entered on the first at 2, P. M. No affair took place.—Don Carlos, on the 30th, established his head-quarters at Onate. This inteligence is transmitted by the Commander of the Sappho.

The news of the death of Zumalacarregui is confirmed. It appears that the imediate cause of his death was lockjaw.

The Plague in Egypt—Cairo, May 5. The plague has continued to increase, so that now above 2000 persons daily fall victims to it in the city, and as great a number in proportion in almost all the provinces of the Delta and Central Egypt. About 50,000 persons have probably already fallen in Cairo alone, which gives the city a frightful appearance. The day is no longer sufficient to bury the dead, and, contrary to the custom of the Musselmen, they are now buried by night also.

The Plague has also appeared in Smyrna, and all the European inhabitants, who had the means, have left the city.

From France. By the packet ship Formosa, Capt Orne, Paris papers to the evening of July 7th, and Havre to the 8th inclusive, have been received in New York. It is currently reported that the Duke of Bordeaux is dead.—Louis Phillippe, taking the advice of Talleyrand, has assured the northern powers he will not interfere with Spain.

London dates to July 10, have been received at New York, brought by the packet ship Ontario, from London.

There had been some disturbances at Amsterdam, in consequence of the refusal of some of the householders to pay their taxes, and the military had been called in to enforce the execution of the laws. There was no news of any importance.

By the Orkhus, Capt. Sears, at New York, Thursday, Paris papers of the 10th July, and Havre of the 11th, were received, but contain nothing of importance. The conspiracy against the life of the king, is said to have been got up entirely by the Carlists, (partizans of the ex-king) and that this is the reason why the government is so secret in its movements. From thirty to forty persons were arrested in one week. All idea is given up of an interview between the Emperors of Russia and Austria. Gen Moreno is said to have been appointed Commander in Chief by Don Carlos. The examination of witnesses in the trial of the *proces monstre*, was expected to be finished on the 11th.

DOMESTIC.

Municipal. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen, on Monday:

The Superintendent of Streets was directed to gravel Dover street. The sidewalks in Washington street to be lowered where the Worcester Railroad crosses. Warren Theatre licensed for one year. Warrants granted to the following officers of the Fire Department, viz: Jesse Farmer, Foreman, Abraham W. Jackson, 1st Assistant Foreman, and Wm Anderson, 2d Assistant Foreman of Engine No 2. Wm F. Andrews, 1st Assist. Foreman, and Daniel Campbell, 2d Assistant Foreman of Engine No 4. J. Russell, 2d Assistant Foreman, and Henry Gray, Clerk of Engine No 10. Stephen Brown, Alfred W. Upham, Whitwell, Bond & Co. and Benjamin Winslow, licensed as Auctioneers, and their bonds approved. Aldermen Hayward and Dunham, were added to the committee of the Common Council, consisting of Messrs Marett, Chapman and Cook, to consider the expediency of providing that the compensation of all persons holding office under the City Government, or either branch thereof, or under any board appointed thereby, shall be established by the City Council. Petition of the City Guards, that a part of the Common may be assigned for the encampment of the Providence Light Infantry Company. Referred. Petition of the Primary School Committee, that one or more intermediate schools may be provided for the education of children aged eight years and upwards, who may be unqualified for admission into the Grammar schools. Referred.

The store of Mr A. B. Hutchinson, Purchase street, was discovered to be on fire at about 12 o'clock on Thursday night. The fire department soon mastered it, but had hardly housed their engines before an alarm was given from the Furniture Warehouse of Mr Thayer, in Friend street.—Damage in Purchase street, $1000, insured; in Friend st. $600, no insurance. Both are supposed to be the work of incendiaries, and it was ascertained that Mr Hutchinson's store was broken open, rifled, and then fired. At about half past 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon the roof of an old building in Cross street took fire but was soon extinguished.

Arrival Extraordinary. Arrived yesterday morning, the British pleasure yacht Gem, from London—last from St Johns, N. F. Passengers: the Marquis of Waterford, (owner) and Lord John Beresford.

The Steam Boat Mail is hereafter to be brought from Providence, in a gig, on account of the extravagant price demanded for carrying it in the cars. We hope the Rail Road Company have not been deceived into a belief that the public can be *forced* into supporting their Road. Complaints of their extortion are *not* as few as angel's visits.—*Post.*

The Lynn Chronicle says that 50,000 was subscribed in that town on Thursday last to the stock to the proposed Rail Road from Boston to the New Hampshire line. About $23,000 was subscribed in Beverly, on Monday.

Capt Back has arrived at Montreal, on his return to England.

Fire in New York. A fire broke out in Fulton-st. New York on Wednesday morning, consuming more than thirty buildings, on Fulton, Ann, and Nassau streets, and destroyed property to the amount of half a million, upon which there was an insurance from $150,000 to $200,000. Three persons perished, Mr David Carlisle and Mr —— Wyatt, printers, and Jos. H. Blanchard, bookbinder. 18 book binderies, 12 printing offices, 3 stereotype founderies, and the extensive paper warehouse of Campbell and Pierce, were among the property destroyed. The printing offices of the New York Mirror, New York Transcript, Old Countryman, Courier des Etats Unis, New Yorker, and Morning Herald, were among the newspaper offices burned. The Transcript gave notice on Thursday that the paper would appear as usual on Friday.

Ex-President Madison, unanimously elected President of the Washington National Monument Association, has accepted the appointment.

The Providence Light Infantry, under the command of Capt Wm. W. Brown, intend paying this city a visit on a tour of camp duty on Wednesday the 19th inst.

The immense water tank of the gas works on Eighteenth street, New York, which held 30,000 gallons, burst on Saturday last, when nearly full of water, and deluged the premises.

Chapter of Anarchy. Baltimore has been recently the scene of riots unparallelled in the history of our cities. On Wednesday evening, a meeting called by written placards, was held near the house of Reverdy Johnson Esq. to inflict punishment on the individuals who were understood to be concerned in the management of the Bank of Maryland (insolvent) of whom Mr J. was one. On Thursday a larger mob was collected, and some glass broken.—On Friday, a meeting of the citizens was called, and proper resolutions passed, notwithstanding which there was another assemblage at the same place in the evening, and nearly all the glass in front of the house demolished. The mob were repeatedly addressed by the Mayor and Gen. Walter Jones of Washington, and at one o'clock dispersed, but on Saturday night assembled and commenced the work of destruction in earnest upon Mr John Glenn's house in Charles street, as Mr J's house was defended by a strong body of special police. Mr Glenn's house was stripped of all its furniture, the building dismantled, and a bonfire made of the wreck in the street. During the following day, about fifty men and boys continued at work in Mr Glenn's house drinking and destroying. On Sunday night Mr Johnson's house was visited, the wood and ornamental work destroyed, and the contents taken out and burned. The houses of John B. Morris, Evan T. Ellicott and the Mayor, were also visited and plundered, and the house of Capt. Willey, and the house of Capt. Bentinge were injured, [illegible]. On Monday a meeting was held, an efficient corps organized under Gen. Saml. Smith, and the remainder of riot was prepared on Monday night, though the plan of the concealed movers of the hellish disturbance [illegible] further mischief. The Mayor, an inefficient officer for such a crisis, resigned, and the office devolved upon Anthony Miltenberger. During the time the city was in the power of the rioters, prisoners were liberated at the jail, and released—probably a dozen lives lost, and many persons severely wounded. *It is due to the Irish population to state that few if any of them were among the rioters.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, John Watson, of Aberdeen, (Scotland) to Catharine T. Pratt; Cornelius S. Bullen to Martha Harris; Frederic Brown to Mary R. French; Ephraim M. Cunningham to Mrs Janet Hopkins; Peter Adams to Eliza Field; Francis McKenna to Charlotte Alexis Whitney; Daniel G. Forsberg to Meribah T. Lane; Abner C. Kidder to Sarah W. Marden, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Ferdinando Gori, of Florence, Italy, to Nancy Hale; Willard N. Bodge to Mary T. Ellms; James S. Wiggin to Sarah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of S. W. Robinson, Esq.

At Charlestown, Joshua Goodrich to Emily Swett.

At Dorchester, John Ayres to Elizabeth Pope.

At Cambridge, James E. Simmons to Jane Ridlon; Christopher Dunkin to Mary Barber.

At Dedham, Edward E. Titcomb, of Calais, Me. to Sarah Ann Montague.

At Salem, J. M. Plaisted, of this city, to Catharine M. Felt.

At Plymouth, Joseph Cushman, Jr. merchant, of this city, to Sarah T. Hedge.

At Shrewsbury, George L. Brown to Harriet T. Pease, both of this city.

At Barnstable, David Howland, of this city, to Rebecca Crocker.

At Stockbridge, Chester Averill, Professor of Union College, N. Y. to Julia Pomeroy.

At North Kingston, R. I. William D. Upham, Principal of Washington Academy, to Lucy Mackenzie, daughter of the late Christopher Spink, Esq.

At Fitzwilliam, N. H. Franklin Streeter, of Templeton, to Calista C. Collins.

At Bath, Me, John Quinn, of this city, to Sarah Coombs.

At Blandin, Me, William Gove to Helen Louisa Nye.

At Bangor, Ephraim Abbot, of this city to Mary Hunt.

At New York, Lt Frank Ellery, of the U. S. Navy, to Elizabeth Fowler Martin.

At Lima, N. Y. Josiah L. Crosby, of the firm of Crosby, Boyden & Co, of this city, to Lucy L. Lee.

At Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, Herman Lifoirus, Esq. merchant, to Mary Caroline Isidora, daughter of Franklin Litchfield, Esq. Consul of the U. States at that port.

DEATHS,

In this city, Lowell, youngest son of Ezra Lincoln, 3 years; Nancy, eldest daughter of Robert P. Williams, 20; Elizabeth, widow of the late Elijah Leavitt, 60; Elizabeth wife of Joseph F. Barber, 26; Abiathar Cummings, 32; Lucy Ann, daughter of John Allen; Thedora, widow of the late James Clark, 72; John J. Putnam, of the late firm of Putnam & Pratt, 47; Emeline, wife of William B. Cooper, 21; John Stacey, grocer, 23; Charles Clark, 29; Ursula Russell, daughter of Frederick Lane, 4; Deacon Jacob Hiler, 80; Caroline, eldest daughter of Elisha Vose, 32; Stillman White, 35; William Bennett, 55.

At Charlestown, Susannah, widow of the late Richard Boyington Esq. of Meredith, N. H. 81.

At Medford, Jacob Tufts, formerly of Boston, 44.

At Townsend, Joseph Russell, of this city, 49.

At Northfield, N. H., Elizabeth, widow of the late Henry Crane, formerly of Milton, Mass.

At Norway Village, Me. Sewall G. Ordway, 26.

At New York, Robert Nutt, 38, a native of South Carolina, and formerly of Boston.

At Cohoes Village, N. Y. Joseph Underwood, formerly of Massachusetts, 56.

At Philadelphia, Margaret, wife of John Andrews Esq. and eldest daughter of Rev James Abercrombie, D. D. 50.

Drowned at the Ledge, St Stephen, N. B., Wm Sculley, supposed to belong to Boston.

At sea, 3d inst Wm Parritt, of Eastport, 27, master of fishing sch Rolla, of Boston.

At Batavia, last April, George Grover, of Boston, carpenter of the ship Omega, 21.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE
AMERICAN GALLERY,
SUMMER STREET,

OPENED on Wednesday, June 17th, at 7 o'clock with a collection of 150 Paintings, most of which are the works of American Artists, and have not been before exhibited in this city.

Admittance 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. Catalogue 12 1-2 cents. H. C. PRATT.
june 20

LAST WEEK BUT ONE.
MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION
OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW! THE AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER—THE AUTOMATON TRUMPETER—ROPE DANCERS—MELODIUM, &c. &c.

At *CONCERT HALL*, takes place *every evening*, except Saturday, to commence at 8 o'clock precisely.
Admittance 50 cents. Children half price. aug 8

CLEOPATRA.

THE public are respectfully informed that the Exhibition of the celebrated Statue of Cleopatra, which has been visited by thousands in New York and Philadelphia, and which has been so highly commended by the first daily and periodical newspapers of said cities, is now open in this city, at Harding's Gallery, School street. august 1

REMOVAL.

CHARLES ADAMS has removed from No. 115 to No. 47, Hanover street, where he will be happy to wait upon his former customers and others who may be disposed to favor him with their patronage. He offers as above a general assortment of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS at wholesale and retail.
august 1 is3t

MANTEL GRATES.

THE Subscribers have just completed and have for sale, some very neat and handsome Cast Iron MANTEL GRATES, which are offered for sale at very low prices.

Also, a good assortment of Russia Sheet Iron and small chamber Grates and Stoves of all descriptions.—Purchasers are requested to call and examine their assortment before purchasing.

LEAVITT & BATES,
july 17 1mis 16 Union-street.

PRINTED MUSLINS AND
JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52, Water st.
may 16 istf

NEW JEWELRY
ESTABLISHMENT,

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington-street, Joy's Building—

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.
april 18 is3m

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand.

JOSEPH L. ROSS,
august 8 PEREZ NICHOLS.

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic Feathers; South American Hair; first rate Feather Beds; Hair Mattresses; Cushions, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

COPLAND'S
MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

PART III, is announced in Bent's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season to be ready for subscribers and others in July next. S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. june 20

RECORD OF A SCHOOL,

EXEMPLIFYING the general principles of Spiritual Culture. For sale by MARCH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

For sale at No. 61, Water-street, (up stairs,)
CASES 26, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;
Cases 20 in. do do do do do Plain;
do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do;
do 30 in. do English do do very superior;
do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.
Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

☞All Lynn Advertisements appear upon the inside of the Galaxy. The advertiser should mark the number of insertions he desires; otherwise his advertisement will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:
Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few *flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united;—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors at Lynn, or by H. Hastings Weld, Editor of the N. E. Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 13, 1835.

BIBLES.

SCOTT'S Family Bible; Common Family Bibles, in rich bindings; Comprehensive Bible; Polyglott Bible and Testaments to match. And a great variety of editions in elegant and strong bindings, for sale at the Bookstore, two doors East of the Hotel. april 4

PRINTING.

THE Subscriber would respectfully remind his friends and the public that he continues to execute orders for *PRINTING* of every description, with neatness and despatch. J. R. NEWHALL.

Lynn, April 4, 1835. 2d door East of the Hotel.

JUST RECEIVED.

BY J. R. NEWHALL, 1st and 2nd doors east Lynn Hotel, a new assortment of articles in the book, stationary and fancy goods line, among which are a prime lot of Rogers' Penknives, Silver Pencil Cases, Metal Pens, Quills, Paper, Cards, Ink Stands, Writing Books, &c.

Lynn, Feb 14

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street an extensive assortment of Broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Camblets, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings; Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.

Also, a fresh supply of Rogers's Imperial Stocks.

ROPES & LAMSON.

R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn, sept 20.

BOSTON
INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

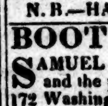
WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.

Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.

july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

NEW HAT STORE.



ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 37 Court-street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

SAMUEL C. BISHOP respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken Store No 172 Washington street, (formerly occupied by Cushman, Bassett & Co.) where he intends keeping a prime assortment of Boots and Shoes, of all descriptions; and will also manufacture to measure, ladies' Shoes, of the best workmanship and style. He hopes by strict personal attention to his business to gain a share of public patronage, and particularly of the customers of the old stand. 5t june 20

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

GOSLING'S PATENT FRENCH CHEMICAL
BLACKING.

THE undersigned have the pleasure to announce to the inhabitants of Boston and its environs, that they have arrived in this city, to receive orders at wholesale for this excellent article. The various compositions now in use for polishing Boots and Shoes, have long been complained of as causing the leather to crack and become reddish. The undersigned have, however, been so fortunate, as to discover a process that will supercede those rather expensive compositions, to wit—a kind of Paste, which not only possesses the virtue of preserving the leather, and of giving it the most brilliant black, but requires only one fourth of the common labor; it will not soil the whitest linen—renders the leather water proof, is warranted to retain its virtue in any climate, and to increase in beauty by age; its peculiar fragrance will easily distinguish it from spurious compositions. We have in our possession upwards of 10,000 Certificates, some from the first nobility in France, as well as from the republicans in the United States, and from many of the most eminent professors of Chemistry. To introduce this article to the public, Messrs. G. & Co. will supply this celebrated article at the same price as the common Blacking now in use. To prevent counterfeit, each box is marked with the signature of

L. GOSLING & CO.

All orders left at the Eastern Stage House, No. 34 Ann street, will be punctually attended to.

☞Reward of $1000 is offered by Messrs. G. & Co to any person who will produce an article of better quality. july 25

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,
HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.
387, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
may 30

THE ORIGINAL
GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 22

RESTORATEUR.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken Cellar No. 7, Congress Square, where he intends to furnish hot Dinners in every variety that can be found in the most respectable establishments of the kind in the city.

The subscriber would beg leave to say that he will spare no pains to make it every way a convenient and desirable place for those who may favor him with their patronage. ORRA GOSS.
july 4

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.

Refer to Messrs.
Rob't G. Shaw & Co. and
Edw. & Wm. S. Reynolds.

BENJ. BRUCE.
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

STOCK AT COST.

THE Subscriber having concluded to close his business, offers for sale his stock, with a lease of the store now occupied by him. The above presents a fine opportunity for any one wishing to commence business, the stand being first rate, and having its share of good customers. The stock will be retailed at cost, and consists of a good assortment of Wrought and Plain Shell and Horn Combs, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Engravings, &c; a few copies of the French engraving of the Declaration of Independence on hand, which will be sold low, to close them. J. FRANCIS KIMBALL,
july 25 6w 16 Hanover-st.

STRAW CARPETINGS,
AT A REDUCED PRICE.

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,
july 25 414 Washington street.

INDIA RUBBER WATER
PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.
NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons; Capes with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes; Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needle holes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth

Samples can be examined as above.

☞Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.
august 9 tf

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No. 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.

Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.

june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON.

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON. The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.
april 25 414, Washington-street.

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.
april 4

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

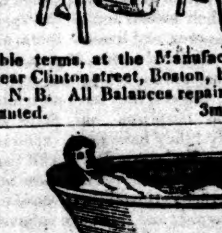
REMOVAL.

S. COLMAN, (successor to Lilly, Wait & Co.) periodical and wholesale publisher, has removed from 121 Washington street, to Nos. 18 and 20, Cornhill, (same building with R. P. & C. Williams) where will be continued the publication of the People's, Penny, and Parley's Magazines, Young Man's Guide, &c.—Also, the general agency of Waldie's Library, Blackwood and Metropolitan Magazines, and Foreign Quarterly Review, Alexandrian Library, Duff Green's Jurist, Medical Register, as well as of the other principal periodical publications throughout the United States.
july 11

WIGHT'S
LASTS & BOOT-TREES.

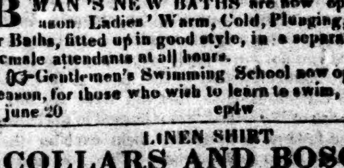
THE Subscriber informs the public, that he manufactures and has for sale, *LASTS AND BOOT-TREES*, of the best patterns, at No. 30, Fulton-street, (at the sign of the Golden Last.) All his Lasts and Boot Trees will be manufactured in the best style, and of seasoned stock, under the superintendence of his father Charles Wight—the patronage of whose former friends and customers is respectfully solicited.
may 30 ADAMS WIGHT.

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.



PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2



LADIES' BATHS.

BOWMAN'S NEW BATHS are now open for the season. Ladies' Warm, Cold, Plunging, and Shower Baths, fitted up in good style, in a separate building. Female attendants at all hours.

☞Gentlemen's Swimming School now open for the season, for those who wish to learn to swim, or bathe.
june 20 epdw

LINEN SHIRT
COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,
100 do do do Plain do do
200 do Medium quality do do do
150 do do Stitched do do do
300 do Common do Plain do do

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

GLASS DOOR PLATES,
DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBERS.

MANUFACTURED and Warranted by the New England Glass Company—the most durable and ornamental articles for outside and inside doors.—Specimens of various kinds constantly on hand and may be seen at their Ware House, No 140 Washington street, Boston. 6m nov 1

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.
TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.
No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston,

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞A large discount made for cash. april 4

WATER PROOF PREMIUM
GOODS.

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz: Cloaks, Capes—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsman do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets and beds complete—Bath tubes—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do &c. Air Beds—Cushions—Pillows—Gas Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO. Agents.

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW dozen of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6

MISCELLANY.

[From the Hingham Gazette.]

THE BONES OF THE HALKETS.

'When a very young man, West deviated into a course not altogether professional. He became a soldier, and, joining the troops of Gen. Forbes, proceeded in quest of the relics of the gallant army lost in the wilderness by the unfortunate Gen. Braddock. The troops were accompanied by several officers of the Old Island Watch the well known forty second, commanded by Major Sir Peter Halket, who was not without hopes of finding the remains of his father and brother, as an Indian warrior assured him that he had seen an elderly officer fall dead beneath a remarkable tree and a young subaltern hastening to his aid fall mortally wounded across his body. They found two skeletons, one lying across the other. Halket looked at one of the skulls, said faintly, my father! and fell senseless.'

Months had gone by, since the battle field,
Had echoed the groans of the dying;
Months had gone by, and o'er the slain,
The cold night winds were sighing.

But a measur'd tread of a warrior train
Broke on the deep stillness around;
And spreading its pinion, the desert's bird,
Soared away at the dreadful sound.

What sought they in that wild and spot?
That still and sorrowing band!
Why gaze they in awe? and why so far
From their own sunny land?

The Indian had told, in the hour of strife,
Of the 'grey head,' who fell that day:
Of the 'young eagle' too, who ventur'd his life,
But whose spirit with his past away.

There was silence o'er an ancient hall,
There was mourning in the peasant's cot,
When was told to them the mournful fall
Of those, who for fame had fought.

An empty place was seen at the board
Where a father's face once smiled,
Where the mirth of a youthful voice was heard,
The mother was mourning her child.

A maiden sat weeping in lonely bower,
Her bright one from her parted,
And she swept the chords in her maniac song,
And died the broken-hearted!

But the brother crossed the ocean wide,
And left his childhood's hearth,
To lay the loved ones side by side
In the cold and silent earth.

The Indian guided them on to the tree
'Neath which the warriors laid,
And autumn's faded leaves were strewn,
As a pall for the noble dead.

The leaves were stirred, oh! sight of gloom!
The bones of the true and brave,
The father, and o'er him the gallant son
Who died, but yet could not save!

He found the dear in their dreamless sleep,
And senseless o'er them fell;
His woe, and the bursts of his comrades' grief,
Oh! who may bear to tell,

A soldier's cloak, for the velvet pall,
Was thrown o'er the warrior's form;
For the mournful dirge, the wailing cry,
Of the sad night wind was borne.

They made them a grave in that sad spot,
Far, far, from love and home;
Where nought but forest trees o'er wave,
Or the red man's footsteps roam.

'Twas a strange sight! the son's deep grief,
The savage in garb so wild,
And that stern train, in the desert place,
Who gazed on the sorrowing child.

But soon he sought his own bright land,
And joined the gay and free;
But still a thought of that lonely grave,
Would sadden his hours of glee.

IPPOLITA.

Hingham, August 2, 1835.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.

The following is said to have been delivered at the last anniversary of our Independence in Butler county, Ohio. After reading it, the Michiganians must feel 'pretty considerably exfluencified and used up.'

Gentlemen, Feller Citizens, and Sogers, *the White Hawks of Middletown:*

The greatness of the occasion is my apolgy for addressing you at this time. War with its, braze-front, is bellowing on our frontier: the audacious Wolvereens have got hold of the north-east corner of our lovely Ohio, and are trying to flop it over into a mud hole, or something hyperbollically mean. *Fellow Citizens, and Sogers, Gentlemen, the White Hawks of Middletown*—Can you sit still and see the very soil totatally jerked out from under you, and your wives and infenceless infants made mental slaves to howling Wolvereens! I cannot believe it; you, who have ever been foremost to hunt down the copper coloured red-skins, the fernaceous abregeins of the flowery Buckeye groves. I have no doubt will dauntingly march on to the frontier, as did General Wayne with the brave Pioneirs of old. It is not my duty, Feller Citizens, Sogers, on this occasion to enter into diminution; suffice it to say, that these rumgulious Wolvereens have come down on our frontier with cow hides, butcher-knives, hoes, plow-shears, pokers, &c. They have laid bare our fields, sutopt our corn cribs, and clomb straddle our fences with horses, and cows, and baggage-waggons. They gnawed the bark from our elm trees, ravished our potato patches, and turned our wives and children from their sweet homes, to spend long nights in hallow sycamores, and live on roots and bitter yarbs. They have, Feller Citizens, Sogers, done that which is more intentious, more invoking and wolfish still. Yes, Feller Citizens, Sogers, they have portended to calabash our citizens, and misprison our State authorities in the pennysembly; they have even, contrary to all gingeous and hospital rules, come down with their sleeves rolled up, shaking their fists in the very nose and eyes of all Buckeyes. By these grimaces they have exactly flabergasted our Governor, and most considiously exfluencified his most honorable staff. Are not these indemnities, Feller Citizen, Sogers, enough to make the blood turn white in the cheek of a Buckeye, and curdle in his very pericardinary? Who will submit to it? I repeat it. I consumptuously ask, who will submit? Will the Middletown White Hawks? I negateously answer no—Your father's stern spirits would start to the grave-yard, should you not veraciously shoulder your knapsacks and go plumberiously to the line. I feel confident, Feller Citizens, Sogers, that you have not lost a spark of the fire of '76—the fire that burned in the bosoms of our grand-fathers, and impelled them exclaim these united colonies, Ohio and the rest on 'em, free and dependent sovereign states; this declaration, believe me, Feller Sogers, was made just about exactly fifty or sixty years ago to-day. And now shall that pond-washed peninsula, that sprung but yesterday from a quagmire, and is one most nothing but a black ash swamp, no how you can fix it, inhabited by mud turtles, musketoes, and Wolvereens—shall she send down upon a dignified State her carniferious flat foots, excorite our timber land, eat our hog-pens, and impugnaceously shed the blood of consolated feller citizens? No; as long as a drop of blood is left in the veins of a White Hawk, our frontier shall b. protected. When I think of it, I burn to lead you on. Never was a war more just. Picture to yourselves, Feller Citizens, Sogers a strait line run smack spang like a streak of chalk, right across the right end of Ohio, the very soil we tred on, plump through potato patches, corn cribs, and wood piles, smack smooth into the lake, —and then ask yourselves if this is not a just war. O! my countrymen! Feller Citizen Sogers! the eye of the state is upon you! honours high invite you! victory, in prospect, is shaking her palm at you! and the blue-eyed gals of the [illegible] in every grove weaving wreaths for your mortal [illegible]! Then take, take up your arms, unfurl your banner—let no potato-field associations tarnish or outshine your colors or oblivionize your glittering buttons, but let the banner of White Hawk be spread, and let [illegible] be extended, let them catch the rays of the shining sun, and float more wildly and dansitory on the air than a shirt on a bean-pole.

Feller Citizens, Sogers, let but the moment of your departure, from Middletown be announced, let it be [illegible] in big letters in the newspapers, that WHITE HAWK COMES TO REVENGE THE SCANDIFEROUS AGGRESSIONS OF THE FRONTIER, and [illegible]

...linquish your names in mortal glory, and have your deeds trumpeted beyond the bounds of a hemisphere; while to you shall belong the honour of magnetically straitening the long computed boundary line, in spite of all the musketoes, snakes and Wolvereens in Michigan, and all the whales in said Erie. In conclusion, Feller Citizens, Sogers, you see the high conduriferous honors are hovering over your arms, you all feel the most justice cause of war repell you on; you have heard of the extinctification of our honorable Governor, of the amalgamation of the chain bearers and bayonets and bullets, of the bewildering cry of the depressed and cornuded frontier, of the penetration of potato patches, of the abolition of corncribs, of the colonization of men, women and children in hay-mows and bean patches. But I observe that you are already blazing with the smoke of vengence: I perceive I have contained you too long; condignity is flashing around the white of your eyes—you burn for the scrimmage. Then be men, Feller Citizens, Sogers, and turn not to your homes till the last Wolvereen is heard to cry quarters, quarters, from the deepest quagmire in Michigan. Then shall your brows be surrounded by a semicircle of glory, and your temples wreathed with the diadem of the Ceasors.

England and America. We have always respected, nay, admired America and the Americans.—Indeed it would not be easy to hold cheap a whole world, and that a new one—if not spick and span fresh from nature, certainly teeming with novel and bold forms of life. After all, however, there is but one world on this earth good for much, and that is the world of the English language. Germany and Italy, and France and Spain, and Holland, and the Netherlands, and a few others countries are all well enough in their way; but the outlandish lingoes spoken there, if they do not altogether separate them from our sympathies—and nothing can do that with such capacious hearts as ours—greatly cool the warmth of our feelings, and to our ear carry with them an alien and estranging sound. This may be very unlike what might be expected from the philosophers and citizens of the world; but we are far from laying any claim to such a character, and are a set of sturdy, prejudiced, bigoted, home race—loving Scotsmen. True that the people of G. Britain and Ireland were originally of various breeds; but we are all one now in the broad sense of one—and our twenty millions and upwards, all linked by the ties of kindred, are or ought to be a band of brothers. We have our quarrels and animosities, and feuds, even, alas! to the shedding of blood; but let any other nation wage war with us, and it will know once more what is the power and majesty of Union. Now the Americans are Englishmen, and Irishmen, and Scotsmen—Jonathan is but John Bull, or Pat, or Saunders, under a somewhat different climate, and a different form of government, and we look on the Atlantic but as the royal road connecting our Islands and his continent, on which we pass to and fro, without crossing or jostling by wind or steam, and keep up (may it be forever,) that friendship which with those living at the other end of the highway, is an old inheritance bequeathed to them by their Pilgrim Fathers, and with us here a possession received from our blood relations on their frequent and welcome visits to their ancestral land. As for national jealousies and the like, why such feelings are natural and far from unbecoming; they spring on both sides from a proud conciousness of our own worth, and some occasional suspicion on the one side, that the mother has not forgiven, or at least forgotten the disobedience of her rebellious child upon the other, that the child, since she threw off her allegiance, had ceased to love the parent who was once also her queen. But all that is too absurd to be deeply rooted; and we firmly believe that there is a strong, a sacred attachment still between them whom so many things unite—and who are divided though not much, indeed but nominally, only by the sea. May peace be between us while time endures; and we should be unwilling to go to war with any body, yet if the American Navy must have a brush with the French, and our national honor or our interests demand or justify it, may a British squadron appear to the wind-ward—and the victory be to the Star and Stripes, with or without the aid of the Leopards, not to the Tricolor. No fear of that, for we know by proof the metal of American ships and American seamen, and they alone are worthy of sailing in a line of battle with a fleet of that power, who so long has held the dominion of the seas.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Lady Hester Stanhope.—'I set out one day from Damascus,' said her ladyship, 'to visit Balbec and its ruins. My friend the pacha had referred me to the charge of the Sheik Nasel, who was the chief of fifty Arabs. My people followed me at the distance of a day's journey. We travelled on, sometimes in the night and sometimes the day; and the sun had thrice risen since my departure, when a messenger, mounted on a dromedary, sped forwards towards our caravan He addressed a word to the Sheik Nasel, who became troubled, and changed countenance. What is the matter? said I. Nothing, he replied, and we proceeded on our route. Presently a second dromedary reached us, and the result much increased the depression evinced by Nasel I insisted on knowing the cause of it. Well, then, *cid milady*, answered he, since I must tell you, my father from whom I have taken away one of his wives, is pursuing me with a force three times superior to mine, and will shortly overtake us. He seeks my life, I am certain. The offence demands blood; but you have been entrusted to my care, and I will rather die than abandon you. Make your escape; fly! exclaimed I. For me, I will sooner abide singly in the desert than see you slain by your father's hand. I will await his coming and attempt your reconciliation. In any case, Balbec cannot be far off and the sun shall be my guide. With these words I quitted him. He sprang forward, and disappeared with his fifty Arabs.

'I had been left alone nearly an hour, with no other company than the animal that carried me, and no other protection than my dagger, when a cloud of dust showed itself in the horizon; horsemen approached at full gallop, and in a few moments Nasel was at my side.—'Honoured be the *Cid Milady!*' was his exclamation —'he* wears the heart of a warrior! All that I have pretended to him has only been to prove his courage.—Come, my father is at hand to receive you.'—I followed him and was welcomed beneath his tent with all the state and ceremony of the desert. Gazelles and young camels supplied our repast; and poets celebrated the exploits of past times. I cultivated the alliance of their tribe, who, from that day, have loved and respected me.'

* Forgetting her sex in the hardihood and fearless bearing which sometimes almost concealed it, the wild Arabs were accustomed, it seems, to address Lady Stanhope in the masculine gender.

How to make money. Do you complain that you have nothing to begin with? 'Tom' you say, 'has a farm, and Harry has a thousand dollars, but I have nothing.' I say to you look at your hands, and tell me what they are worth. Would you take one thousand dollars for them, or for the use of them throughout your life? If you can make a half a dollar a day with them, it would not be a bad bargain, for that sum is more than the interest of 2000 dollars, so that if you are industrious and Harry is lazy, you are more than twice as rich as he is, and when you can do a man's work, and make a dollar a day, you are four times as rich, and fairly worth four thousand dollars. Money and land are therefore not the only capital with which a young man can begin in the world. If he has good health and is industrious, even the poorest boy in our country has something to trade upon; and if he be besides educated, and have skill in any kind of work, and add to this moral habits and religious principles, so that his employers may trust him and place confidence in him, he may then be said to set out in life with a handsome capital, and certainly has a good chance of becoming respectable, and perhaps rich as any man in the country. 'Every man is the maker of his own fortune.' All depends on setting out upon the right principles, and they are these: 1. Be industrious. Time and skill are your capital. 2. Be saving. Whatever it be, live within your income. 3. Be prudent. Buy not what you can do without. 4. Be resolute. Let your economy be always to day, not to-morrow. 5. Be contented and thankful. A cheerful spirit makes labour light and sleep sweet, and all around happy all which is much better than being rich only.

BUTLER'S
EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The surprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most popular remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. [illegible] removes the appetite, and gives tone, strength, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any unpleasant [illegible]. Prepared by H. Butler, Cheapside, London.

Sold wholesale and retail by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover street, [illegible] june 6

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principle Drug stores in this city. 6m august 8

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula, Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c., and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps' Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition, by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.

Worcester, May 1, 1835.

From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.

We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the character of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.

The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Davenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of central wharf, Boston.

Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8

MASSACHUSETTS
BOTANIC INFIRMARY.

N. B. IF SICK OR LAME,

COLDS, coughs, chronic complaints, &c &c. cured with the vapor bath and a few roots or herbs, at 554 Washington street, opposite the Worcester Rail Road Office.

Reference: Alpheus Adams, Barnstable—Joseph Converse, Brighton—John H. Young, Lowell—Capt E. Fisk Sandwich—Wm Eldrige, Harwich—Robert Schouler, West Cambridge—Henry N. Carpenter, Goshen, N. H.—Moses Nelson, Sutton N. H.—P G. Sheldon, New York—Samuel Cleaveland, New Orleans.

Together with 1400 others, principally of this city, one of which was relieved in seven hours and cured in six days of brain fever or cold and delirium, after his physician had given him up to die, and said he could not live six hours.

Another, a child sick with the croup, given over as incurable by one of the celebrated regular, diplomized physicians, and thought to be dying before I saw it, relieved in fifteen minutes well enough to ride out in three days and recovered entirely in a short time.

Another—a gentleman who had been confined to his bed for some time, with the rheumatism—relieved so as to be able to walk, in twenty-four hours, and entirely recovered in a few weeks

Another, of the same complaint, cured in one week, after having previously been confined to his room for four months, with the same complaint, when under the fashionable mercurial blistering practice.

Another—a lady, with severe palpitation of the heart, so much relieved in one day as to regain her health in a few weeks, by using the simple medicine at her own house.

Another—a lady, who had been sick for a long time, and applied to several physicians, some of whom said she had the liver complaint, some consumption, some dyspepsis, others general debility, all of whom I think told the truth, so much relieved in one month, as to be able to sit up all day and do some work, and now enjoys comfortable health.

I might continue this list till I should weary the readers patience with numerous cures of all curable complaints, which flesh is heir to, but shall close with a general invitation to all, both sick and well, to call and see for themselves, and if they are not fully satisfied that the Botanic System of Medicine is both safe and salutary, they will be referred to any of the above persons, who are convinced from experience. that

"The simple herbs beneath our feet,
Well us'd, relieve our pains complete,"

Syrups for coughs and colds for sale, together with a general assortment of Vegetable Medicines, wholesale and retail, at fair prices. J. A. BROWN, B P.

feb 14 tf

CHEMICAL
EMBROCATION,

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.
Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Compound Fluid Extract of
SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla, to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

TO TEACHERS.

GREENLEAF'S National Arithmetic, upon the Analytic and Synthetic Methods, in which the principles of Arithmetic are explained and illustrated in a perspicuous and familiar manner; containing, also, practical systems of Mensuration, Gauging, Geometry, Book-keeping, &c. and much practical information connected with Trade and Commerce, forming a complete Mercantile Arithmetic; designed for Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M. Preceptor of Bradford Academy.

The work will be comprised in about 300 pages, duodecimo form, handsomely printed on good type and paper, and neatly and strongly bound.

The above work is in progress of printing, and will be published in August ensuing, by ROBERT S. DAVIS and GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Publishers, School Books, Boston.

Orders respectfully solicited. june 6

STEAM PACKET BANGOR,

CAPT. SAMUEL H. HOWES.

BOSTON, PORTLAND, and BANGOR. Fare from Boston to Portland, $3; from Portland to Bangor, $4, and found.

The elegant low pressure Steam Packet Bangor, Capt Samuel H. Howes, will leave Boston every Saturday at 5 P. M. for Portland and Bangor; arrives at Portland Sunday morning; leaves Portland same morning at 7 o'clock for Bangor; touching at Owlshead, Belfast, Bucksport and Frankfort, and arrives at Bangor same evening.

Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland and Boston, Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock; arrive at Portland same evening. Leaves Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.

For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, at 5 P. M.

From Portland for Boston, will leave every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Freight will not be received on board after 4 P. M. on the days of sailing.

This splendid Steam Packet was built by Messrs Brown & Bell, of New York, of the very best materials for strenght, equal to any in the United States. She is almost 400 tons burthen, built expressly for a sea route.

Her engine was from the Manufactory of J. P. Allaire, of New York, and has proved to be equal to any in use in this country, by constant use the whole of last season and not requiring any repairs.

In the fitting up of this Packet no expenses have been spared to contribute to the comfort or safety of passengers She is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose; also a Fire Engine to be kept on her deck, in case of Fire to operate on any part of the boat. Five large boats, a large number of India rubber and cork Mattrasses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water.

She is rigged with fore and aft sails, in case of accident to the Engine, that can be managed as any other vessel.

Many improvements have been made during the winter, under the immediate inspection of Captain Howes. She has been on the Salem railway, and coppered. Her cabins have been lighted, several state rooms made on her main deck, and completely and thoroughly overhauled.

For passage, apply to ISAAC W. GOODRICH, No. 58 Washington street, at which place a plan of the cabins may be seen, and berths secured, or on board, of the Captain, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf.

☞Travellers may depend on the above arrangements being permanently made. tf march 28

STEAMER
INDEPENDENCE.

THE splendid and fast sailing Steam Packet INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thos. Howes, will make her first passage to Portland and Bangor, on TUESDAY next.

The following is the arrangement for July—*One trip a week—through by day-light—*

Will leave Lewis's wharf for Portland, Tuesdays at 7 o'clock, A. M. and Portland for Bangor, Wednesdays at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland, Fridays at 7 A. M. and Portland for Boston, Saturdays at 7 A. M.

Fare from Boston to Portland, $3—from Portland to Bangor, $4 and found.

For further information, apply to I. W. GOODRICH, No. 58 Washington-street, to the Captain on board, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent.

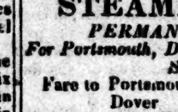
☞No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.

☞All freight and baggage at the risk of the owners thereof. july 11

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.
For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth	$2,00
Dover	2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick	2,25



STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

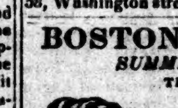
Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 58, Washington street. may 30

BOSTON AND HINGHAM.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
THREE TRIPS A-DAY.



THE Steamboat GEN'L LINCOLN, Capt Geo. Beal, will, on and after MONDAY the 8th of June, leave Hingham—6 1-2 o'clock A. M., 10 1-2 do do, 4 do P. M.—Foster's wharf, Boston—8 1-2 o'clock A. M., 12 1-2 do P. M., 6 do do. Fare 37 1-2 cents.

Carriages will be in readiness, on the arrival of the boat at Hingham, to convey passengers to any part of that and most of the neighboring towns.

Passengers by applying at the Captain's office can be conveyed to any part of the city for 12 1-2 cts.

For further particulars apply to the captain on board, to Albert Fearing & Co. No 1 City wharf, or the subscriber. DAVID WHITON, Agent.

Hingham, June 6, 1835. 3m

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house, 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints, large and small figures, of best kind; Printed Lace Muslins, rich new style. A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain and plaided, good styles; French Ginghams, fine, similar to the Plaided Silks; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. of various kinds; Printed Silk Muslins, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses; Merino Shawls: Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs; a few very splendid embroider'd Scarfs; Merino Bombazines; light colors French Merinos, for children's wear; large and small check'd, fig'd and stripe Cambrics; Jaconets; mull, book and Swiss Muslins; imitation Cambricks and Bishop Lawns; Linen Cambrics; linen and linen cambric Hdkfs; col'd Table Covers; linen Damask Cloths; birds-eye Diaper; stout Russia Damask; Linens, grass bleach, for family use, low by the piece; Long Lawns; French Centre Table Covers, very splendid; bleached Shirtings and Sheetings; a large assortment of fast color Calicoes; superfine, middling and low Broadcloths; Cassimeres, Satinets; Flannels, &c. &c.

These goods are of recent purchase, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. march 28

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trader liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,

Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co. may 2

SUPERIOR STYLE
OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy Linens, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen Sheetings.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.

feb 14 tf

SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bristles Stocks, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.

nov 1 ly

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S variety Cloth Store, No. 48 Washington street.

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Pudding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 3m may 2

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by JOSEPH L. BATES,

march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

CARAGEEN, OR IRISH

MOSS.

4 CRATES of this much valued article, received direct from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & Co. No 28 Granite Store, Commercial Wharf, in parcels to suit purchasers. 6m feb21

COCHRANE'S
FOREIGN Q'T'LY REVIEW.

THIS work will be added to the Republication of Blackwood and the Metropolitan Magazine, and the three furnished to subscribers for $7 per year.

The ability which has acquired for the Foreign Quarterly Review its elevated character being transferred to the new has determined us in the above selection.

Those who are subscribers to the Reprint English Quarterlies may now become subscribers to the abovenamed works without thus obtaining duplicates of any. S. COLMAN, Pub. Blackwood &c. for N. E.

june 20

SIX MONTHS IN A
HOUSE OF CORRECTION,

OR, the Narrative of Dorah Mahony, who was under the influence of the Protestants about a year, and an inmate of the House of Correction, in Leverett-street, Boston, nearly six months in the year 18—. With some preliminary suggestions by the committee of publication.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 4

LANDS IN ROXBURY.

FOR SALE—House and Garden Lots, on very liberal terms: they are situated near the Rev. Mr. Putnam's meeting house, and known by the name of the "Porter Purchase." Between twenty and thirty acres have been laid out into lots of from 8000 to 20,000 feet, suitable for buildings of any class, and surpassed by none in the vicinity of Boston, for beauty of prospect, healthful air, excellence of water, and every convenience in relation to churches, schools, markets, hourly coaches, &c. &c. The roads are laying out, one of which reaches from Dedham turnpike to Centre street, and presents a great variety of pleasing positions. Any persons wishing to select Cottage and Garden Lots, at reasonable prices, will have an opportunity to do so any time previous to the 6th of June, when those not taken up will be sold at auction. For particulars and terms, to suit, apply to either of the subscribers.

JONA. DORR,
ALVAH KITTRIDGE,
NATH'L DORR,
may 30 PETER WAINWRIGHT.

READY MADE.
CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way; (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 198 Tremont street,

july 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

IMPROVEMENT ON
DENTAL SURGERY.

DR. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils: Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Palettes: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Baw Pens; steel Drawing Pens; Ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

COMPOUND SYRUP OF ICELAND MOSS.

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Condumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by

E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover street. june 20

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,

INSTRUCTER OF THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
DRAWING.

feb7 Joy's Building, Room, No. 24.

STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

MAN'S GREATEST AND

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—
HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under the persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy ... feats; and the references and testimony ... own reputation and character, will secure for them ... lic confidence. They have been the result of ... search and experiment, occasioned by ... from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years ... ring a considerable part of this period, it has been an object of anxious solicitude, to discover ... aration of medicine better calculated to relieve ... my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. ... ter many experiments in Materia Medica; and ... the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded ... paring a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable ... does in an eminent degree, answer that ... desirable object. Their effect is to excite and ... natural peristalic action in the stomach and ... and so produce a discharge from them of all the ... and bilious matter which they contain; and ... mov biliary obstructions, and promote and ... natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are ... liarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating ... a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: ... Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous ... Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, ... Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General ... Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested ... my own experience and that of many others. They ... with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, ... in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly ... ual in liver complaints. In offering them to the ... I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect ... their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellence. In regard to my reputation and character, I have ... tion to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would present the two following certificates from the ... John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, ... ston Spa, whose characters are well known to the ...

"I certify that I have been well acquainted ... iam Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, ... than thirty years. He has through life maintained ... reputation. His character for truth and general ... stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached. JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than ... years, having resided most of that time in the same ... with him, and during that period he has sustained ... acter without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock ... or of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of ... of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For ... months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For ... years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of liver complaint, which have frequently been ... with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me ... three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me and rendered unnecessary the use of any other ... I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint. ANN POWEL.

Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

april 18 ly

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious ... tive. Under the patronage of the first physicians of Europe and America, yield all their qualities ... ing water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, ... ting from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and its good qualities have been tested for more than a ... of a century. A long list of certificates were ... appended, but from the great space occupied, with ... two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted. The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the ... cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. ... Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved ... tronised and approved by one of our first physicians. Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. ... do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. ... cal do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for ... ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath streets 6m april

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped ... &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds; every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy ... to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a ... ture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. Inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of ... tion, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the ... giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent supguration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and ... less of fever; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 123 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally. Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. ... Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. ... worth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 2

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucous membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal. These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of ... sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of ... medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold.

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family was ell as the rich.

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous ... here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, ... call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, ... ion, besides the recommendations which ... each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent, RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 ... William Brown, 481 Washington st; ... Rowland, 188 Washington street; ... 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 ... Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James ... Green and Leverett st; C. Holbrook, ... L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and ... man, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer ... French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyd ... R. A. Newell, corner of Summer ... Elliot, 91 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle ... P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and ... corner of Federal and Williams st.